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The Shape of Things

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS RETURNED TO his earlier well-tried method of preparing public opinion for the Administration's policies. The result has been to cut the ground from under the opposition that the Republicans had built up against the special session of Congress. But it would be unwise to be optimistic about what the session will accomplish. Like a good bargainer the President has asked for more than he is likely to get. A bitter fight is sure to develop over Mr. Wallace's "ever-normal granary" plan, and the rest of the farm-control scheme has still to clear the hurdle set by the Supreme Court's AAA decision. A similar constitutional snag lies ahead of the regional-planning program, which must wait on the court's coming decision in the new TVA case; and aside from that, there will be opposition both from the utilities and from the vested interests of the army engineers. As for anti-trust legislation, we have yet to hear from Mr. Cummings and Mr. Jackson what it is the Administration proposes; an intention, however good, is not enough. On government reorganization some bill is likely to go through, but it will almost certainly not contain the crucial civil-service provisions. Finally, the fate of the wage-hour bill depends on what sort of peace the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. can patch up; for the average Congressman will not vote for a labor bill on which labor itself is split. Behind the announced program lie even more dangerous obstacles to the Administration's major plans—the anti-lynching bill, for instance, and a probable row over the Neutrality Act as it relates to China and the President's peace move. On any one of these issues the session may go aground despite Mr. Roosevelt's skilful preliminary maneuvers.

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NEW EXPEDIENTS FOR UNSEATING JUSTICE Black are being and will continue to be devised, but they don't stand a chance of success. We say so not because of the formal reasons given by the Chief Justice in rejecting the Levitt petition—that a petitioner had to have a more direct interest in the matter than Levitt had as citizen and lawyer. We refer rather to the reasons behind those reasons. The Supreme Court cannot afford to unseat Justice Black: first, because to do so would be to set a precedent that might be used later by a liberal majority on the court against conservative members as well, and

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expose the court even further to the changes and chances of the political future; second, because to do so would be to reopen the judiciary struggle, with the court instead of the President as the aggressor and subject to the disadvantages that the aggressor has in public opinion. The tactics on both sides of the court struggle will tend to be Fabian from now on. The first decisions of the court indicate that the policy of New Deal support is still dominant. The court's refusal to hear an appeal by various Florida corporations from the decision supporting the authority of the SEC to subpoena telegrams and an appeal by a company seeking to void a ruling of the NLRB ordering the reinstatement of strikers served as a negative indorsement of two crucial New Deal procedures—both under bitter attack from the right. The President on his side will doubtless wait to see whether the court continues to pursue a liberal or chastened course, withholding further attacks unless another major New Deal measure is invalidated.

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THE SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY OF THE EIGHTH Route Army in northern Shansi has altered the military situation in North China. According to the most recent reports, 50,000 Japanese advancing on Taiyuan have been cut off from their base by former Red Army units which harassed their lines of communication while Shansi provincial troops counter-attacked and captured strategic Yenmen Pass. Further north Japanese units have occupied Paotow, terminus of the Peiping-Suiyan railway, but these too are in danger of being cut off by the guerrilla tactics of the former Communist troops. Little if any progress has been made by the Japanese in Shantung for the past two weeks, the opposing forces being deadlocked at Yucheng, thirty miles north of Tsinanfu. At Niangtzewan Pass Japanese troops attempting to penetrate into Shansi from the south have been repulsed, although other units advancing south from Shihchiachuang along the Peiping-Hankow railway are said to be within thirty-five miles of the Honan border. Meanwhile the Chinese not only continue to stand firm at Shanghai but are again staging daring air raids. China's unexpected resistance is particularly important in view of the signs of economic strain already appearing in Japan. Although the anti-Japanese boycott can scarcely have had much direct effect as yet, the financial expert of the *Yomiuri Shimbun* has complained that the refusal of American and British banks to extend credit is making it difficult for Japan to obtain supplies abroad.

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THE MOVEMENT TO BOYCOTT JAPANESE goods registered spectacular progress during the past week both in this country and Great Britain. In London Sir Robert Cecil, president of the League of Nations Union, urged a concerted economic boycott on Japanese goods, and 10,000 persons at a rally staged by the Trade Union Council and Labor Party voted for "economic pressure designed to bring Japanese aggression to an end." Several of the larger British cooperatives have agreed to buy no more goods from Japan, and others are falling into line. On invitation of the British trade unions both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. adopted resolutions supporting the boycott. The American League Against War and Fascism has launched an independent drive to line up its 3,000,000 members in effective opposition to Japanese aggression. The Women's League of the Washington Commonwealth Federation has voted to wear only lisle and rayon stockings and to refuse to buy any silk for the duration of the Japanese invasion of China. Among American groups which have taken action in support of the boycott are the executive board of the Artists' Congress, the Independent Merchants' Association of Montana, the Maritime Federation Council of San Francisco, and the Seattle Committee Against International Aggression, which represents the Y. W. C. A., the Seattle Council of Churches, and various labor groups. While the A. F. of L. resolution was specifically directed against Japanese aggression, some unfortunate confusion has resulted from the emphasis which the Union Label Trades Department placed on the purchase of American to the exclusion of all foreign goods. The danger of such emphasis should be obvious. International law and order cannot be furthered by nationalistic measures.

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IS WINTHROP ALDRICH BEING USED AS A front man for the stock market that fears and hates government regulation? This is the question that comes to mind as one reads his elaborate and beautifully publicized 8,000-word speech before the Rochester Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Aldrich has been pro-Roosevelt, as have the Rockefeller interests which he serves as chairman of the Chase National board. He is, in the realm of business thought, a "liberal." He is *persona grata* with the Administration. What better person could be sent as Wall Street's ambassador to the Administration? The interesting thing is that Mr. Aldrich's conclusions, after a great show of political moderation and financial learning, amount in the end to exactly what the less genteel stock-market crowd has been saying to and about the Administration in words of two syllables and less. Namely, that the market is "thin" and that the small volume of stock transactions has maximized the effect of every industrial and political factor; that the SEC has been meddling too much; and that the market would be better off without the strangling effect of government rules. We recommend to Mr. Aldrich and his comrades Harland Allen's article on the market slump which we published last week. Mr. Allen listed very prominently among the factors causing the slump the bitter hostility of Wall Street to the New Deal. Aside from the fact that Mr. Aldrich is himself on record as advocating many of the major policies which competent observers are holding responsible for the present slump, there is an amusing confusion of logic in his speech. "If you don't stop hounding us," he is in effect saying to the government, "we'll all get frightened; and when we're really scared you wait and see what happens to the market."

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POLITICS IN NEW YORK MAKES BEDFELLOWS whose relationships are not only strange but scandalous. LaGuardia, labor's candidate for mayor, bunks with red-baiter George U. Harvey; Senator Wagner, champion of the New Deal, joins Ralph M. Easley of the National Civic Federation in support of Tammany's candidate, Mahoney; and to the strains of "Giovanezza," Governor Lehman consorts with Generoso Pope, publisher of the pro-fascist *Progresso*. From the beginning of the campaign the opportunism of Tammany has been almost unparalleled. Starting out with Dr. Copeland, the Wigwam soon concluded that an avowed reactionary Protestant was no kind of opponent in a labor-conscious city for a candidate of Italian extraction with a working-class and Jewish following. Accordingly it turned to Jeremiah T. Mahoney, an Irish Catholic with liberal pretensions and some Jewish support. But it soon became evident that LaGuardia couldn't be beaten on his own grounds. Executing a neat about-face Tammany decided it could get more Catholic votes by attacking LaGuardia as a red and more Italian votes by blowing kisses to Mussolini. To counter LaGuardia's strength among the Jewish voters Mahoney's opposition to holding the recent Olympics in Berlin was trotted out. And finally heavy pressure was brought to bear on the national Democratic machine for support of Tammany's candidate. With such a variety of bait it would have been surprising if Mahoney had not pulled in a strange assortment of fish. But that does not excuse the fish—particularly in the case of Wagner and Lehman. They needed the Democratic machine far less than the machine needed them. They might, like Roosevelt, have maintained a stony silence. Instead they have chosen to support a fake liberal, and by so choosing they have cheapened themselves immeasurably.

*

FRANK R. McNINCH, THE ACTING HEAD OF the Federal Communications Commission, made radio history last week simply by holding a press conference. It was the first time since the government established a special radio commission ten and a half years ago that the gentlemen of the press were invited to walk in and get their information direct from headquarters. McNinch declared that the commission's business would henceforth be conducted in the open and that "there will be no more back-door entrances." The Administration hopes by various reforms to forestall the Congressional investigation of the commission which is said to be slated for this year. The most important of the commission's moves in this direction is the abolition of the three divisions through which it has thus far functioned. But of great significance also are the indications that the government's regulation of the radio industry will be extended, and that the profits derived from broadcasting may be limited by government control of station advertising rates. Strict enforcement of the clause in the Communications Act prohibiting trafficking in broadcasting licenses was promised, and a decision handed down last week, in the case of the proposed sale of WGAR to WJR, the Good-Will Station which gave Father Coughlin his radio start, enunciates the commission's new policy on the sale of station stock to the public. In denying the application, the commission declared that it would approve no transactions merely because of their financial advantage to owners unless the benefits to the public were commensurate. By so limiting the sale of station stock to the public, the commission may prevent the industry from creating a great body of "widow and children" investors who might subsequently be used to prevent any change of the present system.

*

GREAT BRITAIN'S ATTEMPT TO KEEP THE LID on the explosive stew of nationalistic feeling in Palestine grows less subtle and more desperate as the next war comes closer. The partition plan of last July was a last-ditch proposal to keep the Jews and Arabs from each other's throats, but it is far from becoming a reality, and for the present is serving as fuel to the fires, especially of the Arab chiefs and their terrorist followers. The assassination of an important British official, Commissioner Andrews, coming as a climax to a series of disorders, brought retaliation from the British government. The members of the Arab High Committee were arrested, and the Mufti of Jerusalem was deposed from his high office in that committee and the Moslem Supreme Council. The Mufti has since fled from Palestine. Further disorders have brought more brutal retaliations. Meanwhile the itinerary of the Mufti of Jerusalem runs like a lighted fuse into the center of European politics. Having escaped to Syria, he is now said to be on his way to Rome; and simultaneously Mussolini's newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, has arraigned the British government's treatment of the Arabs in language fit to stand beside the denunciations of Italian brutality in Ethiopia or of fascist excesses after the March on Rome. Which only goes to show that a fascist dictator may, however shamelessly, speak a word of truth if it serves his own dreams of empire.

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ALTHOUGH THE "CLOSE-DOWN" STRIKE OF 5,000 of New York City's kosher butchers ended with prices substantially unchanged, the facts that emerged at the "settlement" meeting called by Mayor LaGuardia and Commissioner of Markets Morgan show that intelligent organization of consumer pressure can drive down the high cost of meat. In spite of the packers' alibi of a meat shortage, statistics prove that there is an ample supply of beef. The shortage is only in the three top grades of steer beef; lower grades of steer and all grades of cow beef have not been seriously affected by the drought of 1936. Yet retail prices of the lower grades have gone up far beyond the level justified by either market conditions or farm prices. According to the meat dealers who closed their shops, this has been accomplished through price-fixing by the packers and through misrepresentation of the quality of meat. Investigation of both of these charges has been promised. But the action which the Department of Markets plans to take is of greater significance to the consumer. The dealers admit that they cannot

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judge quality and have indorsed Mayor LaGuardia's proposal for an ordinance requiring that all meat sold at retail in the city be graded and stamped by the government. An immediate drop in prices may be expected if the lower grades are stamped and sold at a price that represents their true value. The city and the new Consumers' National Federation are now organizing support for the grading ordinance, and if the voice of the consumer can be made audible the law may be enacted before the end of the year. This, however, is only the first necessary step. It should be followed by a federal investigation of the entire packing industry.

*

"THE END OF THE WORLD" AT THE HAYDEN planetarium this month is a startling show. Astronomers, usually content with the contemporary state of the sky, have now projected the star picture forward to the year 15,000 A.D. Thereby they have thrown the whole heavens into a crisis. Giant stars graze the sun. Comets go zooming into the earth. And the moon comes tumbling down and breaks into a thousand pieces. It is not enough that we face the breakdown of international law today. Apparently, we face the collapse of universal law tomorrow. But what is most disheartening is the policy of Associate Curator Barton. If fifteenth-millennium man has any sense, he advises, he will withdraw to a somewhat safer planet, say Venus, and give up the world as a bad job. Mr. Barton, in short, is an isolationist. He is concerned only with human interests, not at all with the commonwealth of planets. Our editorial offspring will, we feel sure, take the broader view. *The Nation* of the fifteen thousands won't go flying off into space seeking planets of refuge. It will stick to 20 Vesey Street—working out formulas and urging nine-planet pacts for the orderly and collective management of the solar system.

For a Labor Armistice

"PEACE, it's wonderful," Father Divine used to say, and his words have been echoed this past week by hundreds of commentators on the latest moves toward a peace between the two warring groups in American labor. We subscribe, along with others, to so irreproachable a sentiment, and we add our fervent wish that peace may be achieved. But hope is a cheap and easy commodity. More important are an analysis of what has brought about the latest peace moves and what will be involved in pursuing them, and an assessment of the chances of peace.

There have been peace scares in the past, and we have never given them much credence. We use the word "scares" advisedly, because they were always prompted by persons who had no basic friendship for the C. I. O. and were mainly for the purpose of ousting Mr. Lewis from his position of leadership and isolating him from the so-called "moderates" in the new labor movement. The present peace gestures are of another sort, and of far greater moment. First, they are open rather than subterranean. Second, they were initiated by the C. I. O. leaders and have the full backing of Mr. Lewis. Finally, they have been subscribed to, at least in words, by responsible conventions of both groups. For the first time a real and not a spurious start has been made toward peace.

What has produced this new turn in American labor history? That it came as a surprise is evident from the fact that the A. F. of L. convention was all set for an even more bitter anti-C. I. O. campaign than it has waged thus far, as Mr. Hertzberg points out in a dispatch elsewhere in this issue. William Green's face is reported to have turned pale when news of the C. I. O. offer reached the convention hall, and the first reactions of Frey, Green, Harrison, and other leaders were so varied as to show that the performance had not been rehearsed. The peace move must be taken as a genuine offer of the C. I. O. leaders, made, however, not without strategic intent. For if it succeeds, the flood of almost 4,000,000 C. I. O. members, joined to the A. F. of L. rank and file that are still progressive, would overwhelm the following of the present A. F. of L. leadership. If it does not succeed, after the C. I. O. has gone more than halfway toward the enemy lines, the inescapable conclusion will be that it is the A. F. of L. and not the C. I. O. that clings to the sectarian spirit.

Undoubtedly the C. I. O. has also been impressed by the relative slowing up of its organizing campaign, which should not, however, be exaggerated. Even more, the Atlantic City conference of C. I. O. leaders was the first that had had a chance fully to consider what a continuation of the labor war would mean to American workers as a whole. The A. F. of L., on its side, for all the brave front of militancy that it presents, knows also that it is waging a losing fight in the long run. One has only to study both conferences to see how different they are in tone—the one at Denver riddled with hatred, spite, and indignation; the one at Atlantic City confidently assessing its gains and charting the future course of organization. If it is recalled that Mr. Green's original impulse to scout the C. I. O. proposal was overruled by his convention, it will be seen that there are forces within the A. F. of L., as well as within the C. I. O., that are working toward peace. One must add to both the anxiety of President Roosevelt to see the two groups brought under the same roof. Neither he nor the leaders of Labor's Non-Partisan League can look forward with equanimity to the prospect of a continuing labor war which may well bring the A. F. of L. into the Republican camp in 1940. There have already been disquieting signs, among them the A. F. of L. opposition to the Labor Relations Board and the new wage-hour bill, which point in this direction.

But one cannot be a friend of labor and gloss over the real difficulties that stand in the way of labor peace. An over-eager optimism can only result, if the proposal should after all fall through, in a bitter disillusionment for the rank and file on both sides—and disillusionment is fertile soil for fascism. The real difficulty does not lie, as is popularly supposed, in the personal clash between Green and Lewis which has been so dramatized and pub-

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licized. A self-denying agreement that would keep both of them out of the leadership of the enlarged federation for several years is not beyond possibility. In such an event Charles P. Howard of the typographical union and George Harrison of the railway clerks might well be candidates for the new honor, since both of them have succeeded after a fashion in inhabiting the difficult no man's land between the more bitter rival camps. Nor do we consider the struggle between the principles of craft unionism and industrial unionism the chief stumbling-block. In principle the two are really no longer in conflict, for the A. F. of L. has been using the industrial-unionism principle in its recent heroic efforts to enrol a new membership.

The real difficulties come when you try to translate a peace plan into actuality. And here the men who will block the road to cooperation are not Green and Lewis but the other members of the general staffs. For the first thing that will come to the mind of the head of a national or international union is, "Where do I get off in this plan?" Where before there was only one vested interest in the leadership of each of the unions, two have now grown. And anyone who has watched the tenacity with which labor jurisdictional disputes have been fought in the past will understand how tenacious they will be in the future. The second major obstacle, and a related one, lies in the certainty that under any peace plan with a ghost of a chance to succeed every union member would have one vote. Clearly this would be a death warrant for the A. F. of L. bureaucracy. And it may be doubted whether any group will sign its own death warrant.

The one insistent and continuing hope for peace lies in the fact that the rank and file of both unions want peace because they want unity. They see, and the middle class sees as well, that without unity labor as a whole has less than a fighting chance of survival in a period when the social tensions point toward national catastrophe. We believe that labor peace—that is, labor unity—will eventually be achieved, but not until the real obstacles in the path of a labor armistice are faced and overcome.

Quick Action Needed

WITH the nine-power conference scheduled to open in Brussels on October 30, the American government is faced with the necessity of formulating a detailed and vigorous Far Eastern policy. If Japanese aggression—indeed, fascist aggression in general—is to be stopped, it will have to be by prompt collective action growing out of this conference. Experience in the Manchurian, Ethiopian, and Spanish crises has shown the fatal results of procrastination. Once the aggressor has completed the occupation of a large portion of the territory of the victim, there arises an overwhelming pressure to write off the incident and take no step which might disturb the status quo. If any action at all is to be taken, it must come in time to help the Chinese repel the invader.

What is apparently most difficult for Americans to realize is the fact that the United States—and the United States alone—must take the lead if anything is to be accomplished at Brussels. The United States has always been long on advice about how the world should conduct its affairs, but when it comes to a crisis such as the present one there has been a tendency to bog down. Many of the difficulties in which we find ourselves today are the result of the failure of the United States to back up Briand in the early days of Japan's adventure in Manchuria. Later, it is true, Sir John Simon failed to come to Stimson's support when the United States wished to take a stronger position. But by that time Britain was probably right in assuming that more than pious words were required, and there is no indication that the United States ever proposed a realistic program for coping with Japanese aggression.

In the present crisis American leadership is particularly essential because England and France have their hands tied by Mediterranean problems. So far the only hint of American policy at Brussels has been the suggestion that the conference might offer to mediate in the Sino-Japanese conflict. Mediation would probably be flatly rejected by Japan, leaving the conference with the necessity of drawing up a plan of action or, what is worse, it might attempt to ward off further aggression by extensive concessions to the invader. Neither course would represent the kind of leadership that is demanded.

Collective action against Japanese aggression may conceivably take any of four forms: moral protest, economic sanctions, military sanctions, economic assistance to China. The first has already been worn threadbare without appreciable results. It is difficult to see how a proclamation denouncing the Japanese for violating the Nine-Power Treaty would achieve anything that has not already been accomplished by the statements of the League and the United States. With economic sanctions definitely in disfavor as a result of the Ethiopian fiasco, there is great danger that the conference will pass over such action to consider the possibility of military sanctions. Drew Pearson's article published in last week's issue of *The Nation* suggested that the United States has been considering the possibility of naval action in support of an embargo. This should not be surprising. Military coercion is the only form of pressure which is clearly understood by the average statesman. If non-violent strategy is to be adopted it will only be because of widespread popular demand. Some extreme pacifists, it is true, maintain that economic sanctions prepare the way for military sanctions, but the Ethiopian experiment in no way supports this contention. Nor is there any reason to believe, particularly in the case of Japan, that the aggressor would choose to resort to military force to break an embargo imposed by the pacific countries of the world. Nothing could be more fantastic than the assumption that Japan is looking for a pretext to declare war on most or even one of the great powers.

For Japan military sanctions would not be very threatening if they were applied. No country except the Soviet Union is in a position to attack the Island Empire, and a collective war against Japan would be fought

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chiefly with economic weapons. Economic sanctions, on the other hand, would not be greatly aided by military or naval action. The British Empire and the United States are responsible for nearly three-fifths of Japan's foreign trade. With China's trade already lost, the sealing of British and American ports to Japanese goods would eliminate nearly two-thirds of Japan's normal trade. Presumably neither Germany nor Italy would join in sanctions against Japan, on the assumption that they may some day find themselves openly in the role of aggressors. But neither of these countries is in a position to furnish the scrap iron, oil, cotton, or copper on which Japan's military machine is dependent.

The United States dare not propose the imposition of economic sanctions, however, unless it is prepared to cooperate in enforcing them. The collapse of sanctions against Italy was due primarily to the absence of any legislation empowering the American government to impose an embargo on oil. This defect has not been remedied. Special action by Congress would be necessary before the United States could prevent the shipment of war supplies to Japan. It is at least an open question whether Congress in its present temper would pass the necessary legislation, although it may be influenced by the spontaneous boycott movement which is springing up throughout the country.

A method whereby the United States can cooperate with the League in imposing sanctions has been suggested by Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association. If the League powers, on the recommendation of the Brussels conference, should impose a shipping embargo, prohibit the export of war materials to Japan, and draw up a program of concrete economic assistance to China, the United States could bar all exports to Japan that are not carried on Japanese ships by invoking the discretionary cash-and-carry provision of the Neutrality Act. Ordinarily about one-third of Japanese purchases in this country are carried in Japanese bottoms, but with the war-time demand for transports and supply ships, it is probable that few Japanese vessels would be available for trade purposes. By such an arrangement supplies for China from Europe would offset the American embargo, which under the law would have to be directed against China as well as Japan. While we should much prefer to have the United States support a concrete program calling for collective economic assistance to the aggrieved nation and for embargos against the aggressor, a plan such as Mr. Buell suggests is surely better than mere moral indignation. This plan would be even more effective if the Neutrality Act were revised to make embargos mandatory on scrap iron, oil, cotton and other sinews of war. As a means of limiting Japanese purchasing power abroad, a prohibitive, though temporary, duty should be placed on Japanese silk.

These measure, even if adopted, will take time. Meanwhile all persons interested in checking Japanese aggression must impose their personal sanctions by boycotting Japanese goods. Such a boycott, if widely applied, is the best and perhaps the only assurance of subsequent government action.

Europe in Suspense

IN AGREEING to refer the volunteer question back to the Non-Intervention Committee, France and Great Britain appear to have beaten an unnecessary retreat. Yet Mussolini's victory may not be quite as substantial as it looks on the surface. The democracies have made a major concession to save Il Duce's face, but there is no indication that they have changed their policy with respect to the withdrawal of the volunteers. As a result the fascist powers find themselves in an uncomfortable position. Deprived of their one technical bargaining point, they find little to choose between the alternatives offered. Withdrawal of the volunteers would in all probability lead to the collapse of Franco's armies and the final defeat of Germany's and Italy's Spanish adventure. Rejection of the British and French demands would bring about the opening of the French frontier and the probable seizure of Minorca by those two powers.

Under the circumstances fascist strategy is to play for time. Mussolini's impertinent offer to repatriate a fixed number of Italian volunteers if a similar number were withdrawn from the Spanish government armies was certainly conceived as a stall. Since there are at least six Italian soldiers in Spain for every Loyalist volunteer, and since the Italians are distinctly inferior, man for man, in fighting ability, the rebels would gain every advantage from such an arrangement. While it is not likely that either France or Britain has been fooled by this maneuver, the danger is that they will allow themselves to be involved in endless negotiations over technicalities which will permit the reinforced Italians to launch their long-heralded attack on Madrid.

With the situation changing from day to day it would be idle to predict the outcome of the negotiations. Certain developments, however, seem reasonably clear. Despite a year's record of procrastination and evasion on the part of Britain and France, both countries are now obviously fully aroused by Italy's threat in the Mediterranean. While not at all anxious to see Valencia win, they are determined to prevent an Italian victory, particularly if it involves permanent control of the Balearics. The conciliatory attitude adopted by both Italy and Germany, on the other hand, is an admission of worry. Recent reports from Italy indicate that a worsening of economic conditions may have much to do with Mussolini's unprecedented meekness.

That the present situation carries real dangers cannot, however, be denied. Although neither Italy nor Germany is strong enough to seize upon the present crisis as a pretext for war, the threat of war is always inherent in fascist strategy. The longer the powers jockey back and forth over the question of volunteers—one sending troops to Libya, another threatening partial mobilization, a third strengthening its Mediterranean fleet—the greater the danger of a conflict that no one desires. The situation calls for strong and prompt action—the kind of action that will end the long, successful game of bluff and bluster played by the fascist powers.

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The Fate of German Jews

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

FOUR years after my first visit to the Germany of Adolf Hitler I returned, in September, 1937, to see for myself the effects of unmitigated anti-Semitism on the Jews of the Third Reich. As any visitor must be, I was at first struck by the comparative lack of overt persecution of Jews and by the number of successful enterprises still apparently in Jewish hands. The name of Wertheim floats on a banner over the largest department store in Berlin. N. Israel's name is flashed in bright electric lights over the entrance of another great establishment. On a Saturday afternoon specialty stores like Greenfeld's and Rosenhain's on the Kurfürstendam are crowded with shoppers. The Kempinski restaurants and cafes still predominate among the gayer eating places of the capital. Banking houses like that of Warburg in Hamburg and Stein in Karlsruhe are still in business. The names of Jewish manufacturers, jobbers, and agents can still be found in the directories of many an office building.

The number of practicing Jewish lawyers and doctors in the larger cities compared with the number of "Aryans" in those professions still exceeds by far the proportion of Jews to the general population, and the offices of some specialists are still crowded with patients. An elderly Jewish insurance agent told me he had sold more policies in the first six months of 1937 than in any similar period in his forty years' experience. Several Jewish merchants said that the Christmas buying in their shops in 1936 surpassed the holiday business in any previous year. I saw Jews walking on the streets unmolested, and I met bearded rabbis going about their work even in remote sections of large cities apparently without fear. People spoke to me with far more freedom than in the summer of 1933. And I did not hear of a single instance of physical violence to Jews that had occurred during the past year.

How can these facts be reconciled with all that is known of Nazi anti-Semitism? In the first place, it is evident that the present regime has not succeeded in destroying everything decent and humane in the character of the German people. If the whole population had accepted the Nazi philosophy and program, there would probably not be a single Jew alive in Germany today. In countries like Poland and Rumania similar anti-Semitic incitement by the government would have led to wholesale pogroms. The fact that Jews survive at all in Germany, that since the attacks in 1933 they have experienced a minimum of violence, that most of those still in business and the professions continue to be patronized chiefly by Gentiles, that some maintain their former friendly relations with their neighbors, that a number of the older teachers in the public schools continue to display even at personal risk a liberal and considerate attitude toward the remaining Jewish pupils, is testimony to the presence of considerable sentiment avowedly friendly to the Jews. Many believe that this feeling is so strong that the elimination of official anti-Semitism in the near future would enable Jews again to live happily in Germany. At the present time, however, such sentiment is not a political factor. Any outspoken or organized opposition to a major policy of the government would be futile and suicidal.

A second reason for the apparent abatement of anti-Semitism is the fact that the Nazis have learned from worldwide protests that there are forms of persecution in which they cannot indulge without arousing indignation in other countries. Strange as it may seem, the Nazi government, which has a genius for alienating others, is pathetically eager for friendship and is therefore restraining its extremists from violence. What is perhaps more important, the Nazis have discovered that it is simpler to force a Jew out of Germany by denying him a license to continue his business than by using physical violence.

But the fundamental explanation of what seems to be an amelioration of the lot of the German Jews is that appearances belie the realities, that there has in fact been no improvement at all. Although the name Wertheim is still attached to the business, the family of Wertheim has been eliminated from it. The Kempinski restaurants have been completely "Aryanized," although the name has been retained in the hope of retaining also the former patrons. The few large Jewish firms that actually continue in business do so either because as exporters and international bankers they are still considered necessary to the German economy or because through conservative management they have avoided indebtedness to banks, all Nazi-controlled, and thus preserve their independence. The same insurance company which continued to employ my elderly friend, probably because of his large personal following, had long since discharged all its Jewish stenographers.

For every Jewish doctor who is still earning a living, at least ten have been expelled from the profession, or have fled the country, or have been prevented by obstacles deliberately placed in their paths from acquiring the barest livelihood. They have been dismissed from all hospitals and health-insurance institutions, and penalties are imposed on Aryans discovered to be their patients. The Nazi Party summarily expels members guilty of such an offense, and a continuous campaign of vituperation against the remaining Jewish doctors is waged in the Nazi press. In the schools children are taught that they recklessly experiment upon or even poison Aryan patients and that they always attempt to take advantage of women in their care. At the present rate, in a few years the Jews will have been completely eliminated from the practice of medicine.

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The Nürnberg laws deprived most of the Jewish lawyers of their practice. Some of them have since been earning a little by acting as legal advisers, but the government recently announced that in the future only licensed attorneys would be permitted to give legal advice and that only Aryans would be granted licenses. Within a short time the legal profession also will be *Judenfrei.*

The Nazis have eliminated Jews from every position of public responsibility or influence. All Jews have been dismissed not only from the various agencies of government but from the universities and schools, the press, theater, cinema, and radio. A recent edict even required the discharge of any Aryan professor whose wife had a single Jewish grandparent.

Jews in public audiences have been made to feel so unwelcome by public insults and humiliation that they do not go to the theater anywhere in Germany. After Jewish actors, directors, and producers had been expelled from the German stage, the Jewish community secured permission to organize its own theater. When Gentiles began to attend, uniformed and secret police were stationed at the entrances to keep them out, and it is now necessary to produce credentials proving you are a Jew before you are admitted. The theater is so harassed and restricted by the government, moreover, that it may soon be abandoned. No Jews participate in or attend public concerts, lectures, or exhibits. They may no longer conduct lending libraries lest they influence their patrons to read the wrong books, and under a law that went into effect in August Jewish dealers may sell only Jewish books. Since the market for these is extremely limited, all but a handful of Jews have been compelled to sell their businesses.

But by far the gravest economic consequence of Nazi anti-Semitism has been the exclusion of Jews from jobs. Although exact statistics are not available, it is generally believed that at least 75 per cent of Jews who held positions in 1933 have been dismissed. The rest are employed chiefly by other Jews. I know one merchant who has resisted every attempt to force him from business and who insists he will not yield until all his Jewish employees are provided for. The plight of young Jews is even worse, for only Aryans are permitted to join the Labor Front, which is Nazi Germany's vast company union. Since its members alone are given work in industry and commerce, Jews are automatically and permanently unemployed. They cannot even join the army or go to a labor camp. At the same time they are denied the opportunity to prepare for any other work. They cannot attend technical schools or universities or be trained as apprentices. Even the Jewish vocational schools preparing youths for work in other lands have been so restricted and harassed that their effectiveness has been drastically limited.

Under the circumstances every young Jew wishes to emigrate. And Jewish parents, who love their children at least as dearly as other parents, are willing to send them to the remotest ends of the earth in search of a better life. I said to one man whose sons are now settled in Palestine, South Africa, and Brazil, "You have lost your children." "That is our fate," he replied, weeping as much for joy as in sorrow, because although he would see them no more he was happy that they were free. This result is precisely what the Nazi government desires. For more than fifteen years Hitler has shouted his determination to eliminate the Jews from German life, and he is proud of his success.

It is a success which has been achieved not only through the economic measures I have mentioned but also through a carefully planned program of degradation, humiliation, and hardship calculated to force even those Jews who have an assured income to leave Germany. All Jews have been deprived of their citizenship, regardless of the fact that the families of many of them have been in the country more than a thousand years. A large majority of the Jewish children have been forced out of the public schools—by edict or by constant abuse and vilification. Textbooks as vile and dishonest as the *Stürmer* are in use in every school, and the most modern devices of pedagogy are employed to teach the most ancient lies. The innocent and defenseless victims of this campaign will probably never be entirely free from a sense of insecurity, from a distrust of non-Jews, from fear and bitterness, perhaps even from a strange self-hate. At the same time Nazi leaders create obstacles to the purchase or erection of buildings for Jewish schools. They admit frankly that they want nothing done which would suggest any permanent status for Jews in Germany

In the small towns life has become literally impossible for Jews. Irresistible pressure has prevented even the friendliest Gentiles from trading with them. Still worse in some ways is the refusal to sell to Jews. I have seen an official party communication reminding members that they are under no obligation to sell anything or render any service to non-Aryans. In hundreds of small towns Jews cannot buy milk or bread or meat. Medical aid has been denied them. I was told of many Jews who had died before physicians could be brought from other communities, and the Gestapo recently closed down the only remaining sanitarium in Germany for tubercular Jews. Even death brings no truce, for in the smaller communities undertakers refuse to sell coffins or render burial services for Jews.

The result of such persecution in the rural areas has been the disappearance of innumerable little Jewish communities all over Germany. The old Jewish families who had lived in peace and friendship with their neighbors until the Nazis came to power have departed. The signs "Jews Not Wanted Here," which appear in most of the small towns, have been obeyed with a tragic swiftness unequaled since the expulsion from Spain.

In the larger cities, where most of the dwindling Jewish population now live, the pressure has been less severe only because it was more difficult to apply. The government cannot so easily control the purchases of the four million inhabitants of Berlin. But it does the best it can. Propaganda against dealing with Jews is spread daily in the press, the radio, the cinema, and the schools, and every issue of the *Stürmer* and the *Schwarze Korps* features the names of Gentiles seen entering Jewish shops or physicians' offices.

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Even in petty ways the regime annoys and humiliates its Jewish victims. In the public parks of Berlin there are yellow benches and above them yellow signs stating that they are exclusively for Jews. It is testimony to the depravity of the city officials that these signs are placed directly beneath those requiring dogs to be kept on the leash lest they deface the greensward. The fact that no Jew sits on these benches and that they are occupied exclusively by indifferent Aryans hardly mitigates the Jews' humiliation. Rabbis are arrested frequently, Jewish newspapers are suspended, sports organizations are disbanded, meetings are invaded or forbidden for no reason at all. Gestapo spies and informers generally attend Jewish gatherings and make trouble. When I was in Berlin, four Jewish girls in scout uniforms were arrested for walking together in the park. They were told by the police that when more than two march together it constitutes a mass movement for which police permission must be secured. The more absurd the excuse for the arrests, the more evident is the real reason, namely, to make life so miserable for the Jews that they will be compelled to leave the country. Some Jews do not choose that way out. The exact number of suicides is not known because the Gestapo confiscated a pamphlet containing the statistics and destroyed the records on which it was based. But it is common knowledge that the number is appalling.

Thus the Nazi assault upon the German Jews moves on from segregation to pauperization, to emigration, to annihilation. As in the Middle Ages Germany's Jews are cut off from all normal contact with the non-Jewish world. The few places in which they may live constitute the equivalent of the Pale of Settlement for Jews in Russia under the czar. But even under the czar the Jews could earn some kind of living. In Germany that has become impossible for all but a handful, with the result that about 100,000 of the 375,000 Jews still in Germany are dependent for support on Jewish charitable agencies. At least another 100,000 are supported by relatives. It is widely said that all families that still have incomes are maintaining at least three other families that have not. Gradually, however, the impoverishment of many once-wealthy Jews and the emigration of others have decreased the capacity to supply the needed assistance. Innumerable Jewish welfare, religious, and cultural organizations have been compelled to close their doors in the face of the most pressing need.

For its Jewish population Germany is rapidly becoming little more than a home for the aged and infirm. The young flee as quickly as they can find places of refuge. The married couples who remain avoid giving birth to children. There are large Jewish communities in which no child has been born in more than two years. In the meantime the middle-aged get older and the old die. Accordingly there has been a tremendous decline in the Jewish population. Estimated to have been between 550,000 and 600,000 in 1933, it has dwindled to 375,000. Approximately 125,000 have left the country. The tragic excess of deaths over births accounts for the remainder. For the Jews of Germany the choice is between emigration and death.

The A. F. of L. Gets "Militant"

BY SIDNEY HERTZBERG

Denver, October 12

CONVENTIONS of the American Federation of Labor have rarely been notable for displays of militancy. In the past delegates from progressive unions made brave speeches in favor of proposals that were destined to be crushed almost as a matter of course. But this year the progressives were making their proposals elsewhere, and the federation's convention was left almost completely to the "sound" labor leaders so beloved of the "sound" editorial writers. The convention has achieved a militancy of a sort, but it is a militancy directed against its own flesh and blood. It is primarily defensive. It is probably not the kind of militancy that many of the 3,000,000 members of the federation want, and in so far as it means organizing the unorganized it is belated. But there is power behind it, and it should not be treated cavalierly.

Exactly what is the nature of this militancy? The report of the resolutions committee, prepared by Matthew Woll and adopted by a vote of 25,616 to 1,227, listed five recommendations. In the first two the special committee for peaceful negotiations is continued, and the Executive Council is given the power, to be used "with discretion but without hesitation," to revoke the charters of the C. I. O. unions. Thus the way is left open for expulsion of some unions and peace overtures to others in the hope of splitting the C. I. O.

The third recommendation strongly reaffirms the A. F. of L.'s non-partisan political policy and puts under the head of labor's enemies "all who would in any way favor, encourage, or support the C. I. O." Next comes an open appeal to employers as well as politicians for aid in suppressing "a dictatorship" of "greedy leaders of labor who have forsaken their trust." Finally, just to make certain, there is the call to arms "against autocracy, against rebellion, against an alliance of American greed and alien communism." With magnificent irony the report concludes: "We must and we will have one united labor movement."

Why American labor should be faced with just this kind of "unity" is a long story. Certainly the die was cast before this convention opened. Mr. Woll's savagely

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eloquent report was written at an altitude lower than Denver's. By the time the Executive Council arrived at the convention even the so-called moderates were firm and uncompromising though a bit worried. President Green, whom adversity has made an effective orator, punctuated his attacks on the C. I. O. unions with pitiful pleas for them to "come back home," but there was never any doubt of the outcome. Neither is there any doubt that the A. F. of L. at the moment is struggling desperately to retain its power.

This stripping for war has had important effects on the A. F. of L.—none more interesting than its bearing on trade-union democracy. President Green's battle cry has been "democratic procedure"—from which it would seem that the American labor movement is to become impaled on a point of order. The fact is that in the excitement the democratic banner has taken no little punishment. John P. Frey, colonel-in-chief of the A. F. of L.'s Cheka, has been busy counting the Communists in the C. I. O. and the C. I. O. organizers in the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Woll had much to say about "the dominating and fulminating Caesar of the C. I. O." Mr. Green himself sees Lewis alternately as a Communist and a fascist. It seems better to talk in these thundering phrases; to particularize would open the question of whether or not the Executive Council carried out the decision of the San Francisco convention and whether the exclusion of the C. I. O. unions from the Tampa convention came under the head of democracy. The efforts of the International Typographical Union to seat its president, Charles P. Howard, eloquently exposed the federation leadership's capacity for petty autocracy. Although the credentials committee started its sessions before the convention opened, there was not even a hearing on Mr. Howard's challenged credentials until the second Monday night of the convention, after the report on the C. I. O. had been discussed and voted upon.

Another by-product of the declaration of war on the C. I. O. which became apparent at the convention is a turn to the right in the general philosophy of the A. F. of L. Red-baiting now knows no limits. The fervor with which it has been carried on at this convention adequately makes up for the absence of the annual address by the national commander of the American Legion. It is not accidental that the two most vigorous speeches in favor of Matthew Woll's report on the C. I. O., aside from Green's, have been delivered by Republicans—one by Colonel Frey, which consisted almost entirely of readings from his dossiers; the other by Chauncey A. Weaver, delegate from the American Federation of Musicians and former prosecuting attorney of Des Moines, Iowa. Weaver's address was a lyrical attack on the Administration. Republicans and anti-Administration Democrats, particularly Mr. Frey, make the most, politically, of the federation's dissatisfaction with the National Labor Relations Act and the wages-and-hours bill.

Nothing better summarizes the conservative trend of the convention than the absence of a single resolution urging the formation of a farmer-labor party. In the past the slowly increasing support such resolutions obtained seemed to symbolize the federation's steady progress toward political maturity. This year the pocket-book workers, who, together with the millinery workers, sleeping-car porters, and teachers, formed a rather forlorn progressive bloc, tried to introduce a farmer-labor-party resolution. It failed to get the unanimous consent required even for introduction.

Unless the C. I. O.'s peace proposal, which arrives as this dispatch is being written, results in changes that cannot be anticipated now, it is clear that the first move of the Executive Council will be the revocation of the charters of the United Mine Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. President Green has hinted as much in some of his remarks, and this course is strongly indicated in Mr. Woll's report on the C. I. O., which appeals to the rank and file of both the U. M. W. and the A. C. W. to disown their officers. But when it comes to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, it appeals to both officers and members to disown the C. I. O. and refers indirectly to the jurisdictional disputes between the International and the Amalgamated and to the personal ill-feeling between David Dubinsky and Sidney Hillman. "We cannot believe," the report reads, "that the officers and members of the Ladies' Garment Workers can or will long tolerate invasion of their jurisdiction, the ignoring and belittling of their officers, the whispered and undercover ridicule of their leaders."

The final item to be anticipated in these fraternal hostilities is violence. It is no secret that clashes between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. adherents have already taken place, nor is there any use for both sides to insist that there will be no raiding of each other's organizations. It has not worked out that way on the spot.

If, in fact, there is to be a labor war, what are the resources of the A. F. of L.? The general tone of the convention was a fighting one. No doubt the delegates were encouraged by the sound of their own voices. But on the whole they were serious rather than hysterical. There was much wailing about Lewis, but there was also a realization that if the A. F. of L. is to come out on top it has to get out and organize workers. This realization is basic, but it is not enough.

The federation's real weakness lies in its state federations, central labor bodies, and federal unions. Officials of federations and central bodies have much to lose by disruptive expulsions—often of their most militant and effective locals. It means a weakening of their power and prestige. The federal unions are generally young and militant and often industrial. They cannot be expected to harbor any particular loyalty to the A. F. of L. Trades that are so well organized that there is little likelihood of invasion of their jurisdictions, such as some of the building trades, theatrical employees, and the printing crafts, are not eager to fight. On the other hand, powerful international unions like the machinists and electrical workers are feeling the pinch.

An important element in the struggle is the fact that the A. F. of L. has an established machinery, which with money from a special per capita tax can grind along for some time. It is obvious from the Woll resolution that the

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A. F. of L. expects to get the support of employers, who regard it as the lesser of two evils. Daniel J. Tobin writes in the teamsters' magazine that he consulted with employers before adopting a course of action to counteract doctrines that "are perhaps promulgated in New York or some foreign country."

If war breaks out in earnest, the issue of industrial unionism, already in eclipse, will be completely lost in the fight for power. The A. F. of L. knows it will have no time for jurisdictional disputes. It is organizing industrial unions now. How strong it will be on the armistice day which must come depends perhaps on how firmly it resists the impulse to decimate its industrial unions.

On the West Coast, in Cleveland, and in other localities this internecine strife has already resulted in bloodshed. One delegate boasted on the floor of the convention that his boys would show the C. I. O. "powder puffs with corners on them." The A. F. of L. is in a more ruthless mood toward the C. I. O. than it has ever been toward the employers.

Shopping Guide for Boycotters

BY JEAN LYON

THIS is not an argument for boycotting Japanese goods. It is a statement of how to boycott Japanese goods. The two principal rules for boycotters are: (1) Don't buy anything marked "Made in Japan"; (2) Don't buy silk.

Many of the small novelties which form so large a part of the five-and-ten-cent-store trade in this country are still distinctly marked "Made in Japan." Many articles, too, which the average householder never suspects of being Japanese-made are similarly marked. It is a simple matter for the boycotter to train himself to look for labels.

Even more important is the boycott of silk. The most important single item in the silk consumption of this country is women's silk hosiery. Ninety-seven per cent of all the raw silk consumed in this country in 1935—according to the U. S. Tariff Commission's last report—came from Japan. Sixty-nine per cent of that silk is used in stockings. Therefore *don't buy silk stockings.* Buy instead:

Sheer lisle, sold at about $1 a pair in department stores. They are full-fashioned, are sheer enough to compare favorably in appearance with silk, and can usually be found in several shades. They are probably the best substitute for sheer silk, as far as looks are concerned, now on the market. In New York they are carried by such stores as McCreery, Lord and Taylor, Arnold Constable, Macy; in other cities by comparable stores. Macy has them at 94 cents.

Medium-weight lisle, sold usually at about 85 cents a pair in department stores. Full-fashioned ones will fit neatly. They are quite suitable with sport clothes. McCallum puts out a union-made sport stocking in this weight in a heathery mixture called Lolisle which is sold for $1 at McCreery's in New York. Phoenix also produces a union-made stocking in this weight, full-fashioned, which can be ordered in New York through Gimbels.

Lisle nets, at about $1 if full-fashioned, less if only shaped. (Unless they are full-fashioned, they wrinkle around the ankle.) These are sold in most department stores. Arnold Constable in New York carries them in a novelty design which gives them a dressier appearance. Saks-Thirty-Fourth Street carries a lisle net for about 80 cents.

Less expensive lisles can be purchased for between 50 and 75 cents in stores with a lower price range, such as Hearn's, New York. They are usually not full-fashioned and are made of heavy lisle but look well with heavy-weight wool skirts.

Rayon stockings, not full fashioned, are sold for 50 cents or less in stores which carry lower-priced items. As far as could be learned from rayon companies, no full-fashioned rayon stockings are being made at present. They have been made in the past, however, and a demand for them, it is thought, would bring them back. If boycotters are not satisfied with lisle, it might be well for them to ask for full-fashioned rayon hosiery until they get it.

Don't buy silk underclothes. Buy instead synthetic silks, unless you prefer wool, of which there are many light-weight well-fitted types on the market for winter wear, or some other non-silk material. Rayon is easy to find in underclothes, and if it is laundered as rayon—with as little heat in washing and ironing as possible—it is often as satisfactory as silk. The following brands are suggested:

Barbizon (union made). The Ritemore slip of viscose rayon which sells at $1.65 has been tested and recommended as a "best buy" by Consumers' Union. There are also rayon panties, vests, and nightgowns under the same brand name. They are sold in department and specialty stores and may be obtained through Cooperative Distributors (postpaid), 114 East Sixteenth Street, New York. Some Barbizon things are made of silk. Specify that you want rayon.

Seraceta (union made), sold by the J. C. Penney Stores. The slip of acetate rayon taffeta selling at 98 cents is recommended as a "best buy" by Consumers' Union.

Luxite (union made), sold in department stores and specialty shops. The slip of viscose rayon selling for $1.09 is considered "acceptable" after being tested by Consumers' Union.

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Chanda, sold at Macy's, New York, is a knit Bemberg type of underwear. It includes slips, panties, gowns, etc.

Other rayon underwear which is definitely called rayon should be acceptable to the boycotter. Beware, however, of mixtures of rayon and silk. Both Macy and Bloomingdale, in New York, are making a point of identifying fabrics, and will quite willingly tell a customer whether or not an article contains silk.

Don't buy silk dresses. The sheer wools this year are almost as formal, and there are always synthetic silks for those who prefer that type of fabric. Be sure, however, to get a domestic or Canadian synthetic silk, as Japan is exporting some rayon to this country. Some of the trade names of American rayon fabrics are Acele, Celanese, Chacelon, Seraceta, Bemberg, Crown.

Don't buy silk neckties. Wool, cotton, and pure rayon, if it can be identified as such, are all perfectly wearable substitutes and can be obtained in a wide price range.

Silk is not the only product for which the boycotter must be on the lookout. To be sure, it accounts for between three-fifths and four-fifths of Japan's exports to this country, but the other one-fifth to two-fifths must not be allowed to increase as the consumption of silk decreases. The Japanese-made items on the following list (acquired from a first-hand investigation of New York shops and the latest report, No. 105, of the United States Tariff Commission on Recent Developments in the Foreign Trade of Japan) should be shunned by the boycotter as severely as silk:

Canned crabmeat. Much of the canned crabmeat sold here is Japanese. Alaskan and Russian crabmeat can be found. Both are labeled.

Tuna fish. Japanese canned tuna is a whiter meat than the domestic variety. It is usually sold in the more expensive fancy groceries. Look for the label.

Electric-light bulbs. Japanese electric-light bulbs are among the lower-priced types and are usually marked as Japanese. If you are in doubt, however, get Mazda lights. They are definitely not Japanese.

Christmas-tree lights. Most of these are made from Japanese miniature bulbs. Noma Christmas lights, however, sold by Westinghouse, are fitted with Mazda bulbs.

Christmas-tree trimmings. The red and green decorations made of chip roping are almost exclusively from Japan. Christmas wreaths of the same material are also Japanese-made. If you aren't sure what chip roping is, use cranberries and popcorn this year.

Rag rugs of the "hit-and-miss" type. Almost all of these come from Japan. If you must have a rag rug, get it from an institution where you are sure it was made, such as New York's Lighthouse (for the blind).

Pearls. Cultured pearls are out completely. They all come from Japan. Imitation pearls of the cheaper sorts (five-and-ten-cent-store varieties in particular) come largely from Japan. They are seldom marked as Japanese, because they are sent over here to be strung or made into earrings.

Toys. Don't buy any inexpensive mechanical toys, celluloid dolls, or celluloid toys with movable parts. They come almost exclusively from Japan. Don't buy toy tea sets, which come largely from Japan. Don't buy toy musical instruments; almost all are Japanese-made. Beware of all toys in the five-and-ten-cent stores. Unless they are marked as American-made, they are very likely to be from Japan. Insist on seeing the label before you buy any toy this Christmas. There are plenty of domestic toys to choose from.

Tea. Japan supplies 80 per cent of our green tea and 10 per cent of our black tea. Watch your labels and know that you are getting a non-Japanese product.

Chinaware. Both in the cheaper and the more expensive grades considerable china comes from Japan. Much of it is sold in five-and-ten-cent stores and in gift shops. You can avoid it by looking at the mark.

Bamboo articles. Most of these come from Japan. They include bamboo pennant canes, which boycotters should refuse to wave at football games this season, and bamboo porch screens. You can substitute porch screens made of thin basswood. Also gift baskets and pet baskets. Let your pets sleep in egg crates.

Toothbrushes. Low-priced toothbrushes with bamboo handles are almost all made in Japan. Some with celluloid handles are also made there. Watch your labels.

Matches. Many of the matches in the penny packages come from Japan, especially those with colored stems. The boxes are usually labeled, and Japanese makes can be avoided by a little scrutiny.

Celluloid combs. Most five-cent and ten-cent combs are from Japan. The few domestic ones are usually marked "Made in U. S. A."

Sun glasses. Most of the sun glasses which retail for 20 cents or less are Japanese-made.

Mink furs. Japanese mink is distinguishable from American or Canadian mink by its lighter color.

Umbrellas. Insist on umbrellas with other than wooden handles. Most of the wooden handles on American-made umbrellas are imported from Japan.

Brooms. Buy only brooms made of broomcorn. Brooms made of rice straw contain Japanese material. Those of broomcorn are entirely domestic.

Magnifying glasses. The less expensive types, for non-scientific use, come largely from Japan.

Small mirrors. Many of these come from Japan. Look for the label.

Light-weight worsted gloves. Most of the imported ones come from Japan. Insist on a domestic make.

This list though not complete, covers the more important Japanese goods which the consumer can readily distinguish. Japanese materials which go into the manufacture of American products will have to be boycotted by organized pressure on American manufacturers. If boycotters will take this list with them when they shop, if they will remember the two principal rules—no silk and nothing marked "Made in Japan"—they will be using their buying power most effectively to induce Japan to abandon its ruthless aggression in China.

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Wall Street's New Mentor

BY MAX LERNER

LIKE any body of men that makes prowess and luck its *summum bonum,* Wall Street personalizes the forces with which it has to deal. Since 1934, when the SEC was created to watch over the men who manipulate other people's money, its chairmanship has, for the Street at least, ranked in interest beyond most Cabinet portfolios. The first chairman, Joe Kennedy, was definitely "one of ours"—a boy from the Wall Street slums who had somehow grown up in that financial Dead End without succumbing to its gangsterism, but who was nevertheless known and trusted by the big shots on the Street. His successor, Jim Landis, being a Harvard law professor, a former Frankfurter disciple, a drafter of the Securities Act, and seemingly a brash young man, aroused Wall Street fears at first, but soon managed to allay them. Now comes, as the new chairman, William O. Douglas. And Wall Street wants to know, in his own words, "what kind of a bird" he is.

Apparently the Street has some basis for its jitters about Douglas. His record thus far is that of the most uncompromising member who ever sat on the commission, and despite Joe Kennedy's belief in him and support of him, Wall Street fought his selection as chairman with every means it knew how to employ. Now, nervous over the stock-market slump, aware that the first two chairmanships of the SEC were merely preparatory and that this one is likely to be crucial, it wants to know how "safe" its new mentor is.

Whatever he is, whether radical or conservative, Bill Douglas is the West Coast brand. At thirty-nine he has not lost the look of the Western college boy, lanky, sandy-haired, earnest, able, who has come East and made good. The first impression he makes is bucolic—a big fellow, very blond, with light eyebrows and childlike blue eyes—a slow-moving fellow, low-voiced and deliberate in speech—a simple sort of fellow, with slouching ways and carelessly chosen clothes. As you get to know him, however, you discard any notions you may have had of his being either bucolic or simple. He has one of the sharpest and deftest minds in Washington, a capacity for handling people and a calculated skill in winning them over or shocking them, as occasion may require, a sense of strategy, and an air of quiet authority. You begin to see him tentatively as a man of immense native ability, who has fitted the standards of an American university training and the skills acquired in the world of law and finance into the ideals of the Western lower-middle class.

Douglas's boyhood was nomadic in the best frontier tradition. His father, who was a home missionary, moved from one Western small town to another. After the father's death, the family finally settled in 1903, when the boy was five, at Yakima, Washington. Yakima was a small town, with the narrow conservatism only a small town can show. In fact, the whole state had been little affected at the time by the radical agrarianism of its sister-state, Oregon. And yet signs were not wholly lacking of new and native radicalism, based on a dawning consciousness that the natural resources of the state had been rifled by predatory finance.

High school was for Douglas an intellectual awakening, chiefly because of good teachers. They made dents in the armor of his conventionality—so much so that the claim made a short time ago by the Yakima *Republic,* a stalwart Republican daily, that "the Yakima school system should not be held responsible for the career of the infant prodigy who seems destined to become chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission" was by no means warranted. At Whitman College, in Walla Walla, young Douglas majored in economics, but the principal impressions made on him came slantwise from unlikely sources —from an English professor who, apart from his subjects, was a great stirrer-up of young men, and from a professor of geology and physics whom Douglas considers the greatest teacher he has ever met and of whom he still speaks with fervor. As for books, Douglas was too busy working outside class hours to read any. One still gets from him the feeling of a man who has never had leisure and wouldn't know what to do with it. During the harvest season he went into the wheat fields with the casual laborers, mostly I. W. W.'s, and after work he sat around with the "wobblies" on sacks of wheat, while they talked of their experiences and their prowess and the dream of revolution. Curiously, Douglas seems completely untouched by their social doctrine. I have rarely seen a man regarded as a radical, even a Western radical, who had less interest in labor or revolutionary doctrine.

How Douglas made the transition from all this to his present place has become by now a set of minor myths. He wanted to study law in the East, but he had no money. He taught Latin and English for a few years at the Yakima high school and coached the debating team, but most of what he saved he lost through an unlucky insurance venture. Finally in 1922 he set off desperately for New York. How he took charge of a herd of sheep as far as Montana, rode the rods the rest of the way into Chicago, and then spent his last dollar on railway fare to New York has been told several times. What has not been told is how miserable this Western boy felt when he first encountered New York. He found none of the warmth of the West; he found only cold, reserved men, intent on success. He could get no work, failed to pay either his room rent or his tuition, and was put out of his dormitory room. He soon managed, however, to pick up

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about $600 by taking a correspondence-school textbook on commercial law and fitting each lesson out with an armory of actual cases, and it tided him over his difficulties. But the study of law still seemed to him heavy, dogmatic, and stultifying. He felt he had made a mistake to come East at all, but he stuck the year out. The last two years of law school were, however, transformed for him by the work on the relation between law and business that he did with Underhill Moore, whom he regards as the best teacher in the entire field of law.

For two years after graduating from law school, Douglas went out, like an anthropologist, into Wall Street to study the facts of law and life among the natives. He interviewed the high-powered lawyers in the financial district, right down the line. It was hard not to succumb to the magic of the power that surrounded them, and for a moment at least—so Douglas confesses now—he had a vision of becoming one of them. The firm he entered was Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, and what he found in his new work was something he had been entirely unprepared for. It was not so much law as corporation finance, intricate, subtle, compelling. He threw himself into its mysteries and how well he mastered them many a lawyer and broker has since ruefully acknowledged. He was apprenticed to a good craftsman—Robert T. Swaine, one of the crack corporation lawyers in the country. By a curious twist of irony, Douglas years later was to have Swaine on the stand in the course of his protective-committees investigation for the SEC, to hammer away at him for five days in his inquiry into the Frisco and the Paramount-Publix reorganizations, and, as the record shows, he did not come off second best.

A bright future beckoned Douglas if he stayed with the firm. The boom market of the twenties was in full swing, his contacts with the Exchange were numerous and intimate, his friends were all playing the market. But a single plunge, although it netted him a profit, proved enough for him. He never went in again; it was too much like rolling dice. Despite the temptations to stay in Wall Street, Douglas managed to build up a curious detachment about the whole business. Moore, who was a Veblen enthusiast, had introduced him to "Absentee Ownership," which made a deep impresion on him, and evoked that mood of pitiless aloofness that gave Veblen's thought about business its strength and its stringency. He was even more impressed by Brandeis's "Other People's Money," phrases from which still keep cropping up in his speeches. So, in 1927, he left New York and went back to Yakima to hang out his shingle. He had a strong feeling for the Western country and was sure his roots were there. But arrived at Yakima, he found he was one of sixty-five lawyers in a town of 20,000. After ten days he came back to Columbia to teach and he has been teaching law ever since. Even now, as chairman of the SEC, he is on leave of absence from the Yale Law School.

Douglas came to the SEC in October, 1934, as head of its investigation of protective committees, held hearings for fifteen months, established a reputation as an unyielding and infrangible inquisitor, and was on the point of writing his report in January, 1936, when Joe Kennedy resigned from the commission and Douglas was appointed to succeed him. It is one of the anomalies of his personality that, radical as he seems, he always got along with Kennedy. Philosophically the two men have a vast area of common ground—one could even take the now famous Bond Club speech of Douglas's and find its essentials stated in various memoranda that Kennedy has left in the SEC files—but where they differ is that in action Kennedy has usually yielded to Wall Street, whereas Douglas's compromises still lie in the future.

Douglas has worked out a formula about the history of the commission which is tactful yet fairly true. Kennedy's chairmanship he sees as the period of consolidating the legislative victory of the Securities Act, when everything depended on good relations with Wall Street; Landis's chairmanship he sees as the period when the tools were sharpened with which the commission would have to work; but both periods took too long, he adds, and it is high time now that the commission got things done.

Whether he will be able to get anything done depends on a good many factors. He has to reckon with the fiercest potential opposition from the financial community that any government agency in Washington has encountered. He has, secondly, to do his work in the framework of Washington politics, both sacred and profane; that is, he has to deal with Morgenthau of the Treasury and Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, as well as with Farley and Congress. Finally, he has in his own commission a still unknown quantity.

His colleague Matthews is a hard-headed Wisconsin Republican, with a good knowledge of finance and a background of work in accounting and utilities, who is almost certain to be on the conservative side in most decisions. His colleague Healey is a Vermont Republican but very different from Matthews, hard-headed but aggressive, ready to move forward in the actual application of the powers of the commission, Brandeisian in his moral view of right and wrong in financial practice. But the other two places on the commission are vacant, and a good deal of Douglas's future will depend on the kind of men who will fill them.

Beyond the commission itself, the problem of personnel is almost insuperable. The staff of the SEC, as Kemper Simpson said in his statement a few weeks ago, is recruited largely from money-minded men who come to government work because they will be able to capitalize on it when they go back to Wall Street later on. Even with an ideal commission, the energy for regulating the exchanges and the utilities effectively would have to be transmitted through the whole staff. And it has been the fate of every agency that has set out to regulate big business that its staff has made it in the end an intellectual suburb of Wall Street. Douglas knows this. He is not naive about either economics or administration. When he says, then, that he wants action, what sort of action does he mean, and how does he intend to get it?

Certain things about Douglas's program are clear. Out of his protective committees have come three bills which

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he intends to push through at the coming session of Congress. They are the Chandler bill to revise the Bankruptcy Act and make it tighter, the Lea bill to revise the Securities Act with respect to the soliciting of proxies in reorganizations, and the Barkley bill regulating the practices by which commercial banks, operating hitherto as trustees for securities under trust indentures, have played hob with those investments. It is also clear that Douglas will tighten up on accounting practices in corporate financing, that he will abbreviate and simplify the prospectuses that are filed with the commission on the issue of new securities, that he will move to regulate the over-the-counter market as well as the exchanges, and that he will prosecute the open and flagrant cases of manipulation in the exchanges more vigorously and more speedily than the commission has ever done.

But more important than any of the items in such a specific program is the economic and social philosophy behind the program as a whole. Douglas believes that, given the passage of the three bills now before Congress, the commission would have ample legal power to achieve its purposes. As for the purposes themselves, he sees them as a pretty complete reconditioning of the financial structure of the country.

That will sound to most Wall Street men, and even to most liberals, sweepingly radical. But when stress is laid upon the word "reconditioning," it becomes clear that if his plans are radical, it is only in an ethical sense. Douglas is both ironically and genuinely honest when he calls himself "a conservative of the old school." What he is driving at is that, given a capitalist structure, there is nothing wrong with the conservative theory of finance. What is wrong is the wild and unscrupulous departure from that theory in actual practice. And he knows as well as anyone in the country what excesses that practice has involved. For years he conducted a bankruptcy clinic at Yale Law School. During his three years with the commission he has spent most of his time studying reorganizations. He has become a specialist in ruins, and as a result there has crept into his thinking the macabre moral note that you will find in most undertaking establishments. In fact, the reason his speeches have been so frightening to those high financiers who live by respectable crookedness is that he takes their professions at face value and demands that they be translated into action. And that involves, of course, not a new framework of ideals but a change in behavior.

The infuriating thing from Wall Street's standpoint is that Douglas has taken an impregnable position. All that the big fellows can do is to rage privately and seek through subterranean channels to sabotage whatever program he may seek to put through. Publicly they can only agree. He is in a beautiful strategic position when he sits back and says that, as Wall Street's mentor, all he wants is honesty on the Stock Exchange—the simple honesty by which customers' men will not try to sell clients the stock in which their own firms have heavy interests, by which commercial banks acting as trustees will not feather their own nests in the process, by which lawyers and bankers will not first wreck a corporation to their own advantage and then reorganize it so as to perpetuate their control. And when, as in his Chicago University speech a year ago, he called the dishonest people on the Street "financial termites," eating away at the structure of sound finance, business might have been appalled at the phrasing, but the sentiment was impeccable.

As for methods, Douglas is a thorough realist. He is keenly aware of the difficulties of his job. "A fellow like me," he says, "starts with 100 per cent, and he'll be lucky if he gets 51 per cent." Since his whole program runs in terms of the enforcement of honesty, this means that the best you can expect from finance is an honest deal about every other time. On the commission itself the new chairman will prove a shrewd bargainer. He has an engaging and deceptive frankness, a knowledge of how to hold a couple of deuces in his hand without betraying the fact, and a quality of will that retains a good deal of steel. He knows how to handle men, how to work with them and get their loyalty; he knows the importance of backing up a subordinate when the heat is put on him; and he has the patience and the stamina to drive a job through to its end.

And yet I am by no means optimistic about his getting even his 51 per cent. Basically, the job he has undertaken can be handled for better or worse, and he is definitely on the better side; but it cannot be handled thoroughly. What the commission confronts is not just a few moral foibles or a few criminal acts in a general structure that is in essence sound. Douglas has been influenced, as I have said, by both Veblen and Brandeis, but I cannot see that he has ever really understood Veblen. For Veblen's theory was not an ethical one, of seeing high finance as socially vicious only when it departed from a sound norm. To Veblen the norm itself was predatory, exploitative, and hollow; finance, as distinguished from industry, was "the art of getting something for nothing." And from this standpoint to ask high finance to be constructive and honest is to ask it to commit hara-kiri and rid itself of its own essence.

We are dealing with an economic and legal set-up in which our whole industrial system is a satrapy of high finance. To attempt to do away with banker control of industry is impossible short of socialism—and Douglas is nothing of a socialist. He knows that the power of finance over industry is a fact. The question for him is where it shall be permitted to concentrate. There are two schools of thought on government regulation—one holding that if the financial power is concentrated in a few hands it is more subject to government control than if it is driven underground, and the other maintaining that it is more easily controlled if it is decentralized. Douglas goes with the latter. That is, of course, the Brandeis school of thought, and the nation may well expect that Douglas will drive in that direction as hard and as skilfully as he can. His vision of the financial structure is one in which the rules of business conduct on the exchanges will be enforced instead of being ignored in a gentlemanly fashion, in which the number of commission-hungry mouths will be reduced so that there will be

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enough commissions to go around, in which the conflicts of interest which make a broker or banker or dealer or underwriter seek to serve more than one master will be disentangled and resolved. He envisages, in his inmost mind, a neat and tidy financial universe with a perfect division of labor, each group performing a single function and getting for that function the reward that goes to the honest servicing of industry and the assumption of risk—and only that reward.

It is a fine and courageous ideal. But it will be fun to watch what happens to an intelligent and militant public official when he discovers finally that it cannot be realized.

"Communists" at Sea

BY FELIX RIESENBERG

IF YOU don't mind sleeping in a narrow bunk on a dirty mattress crawling with bedbugs and have no objection to crowding into a dark hole deep in the after peak of a ship, over the screw, where fumes from showers and toilets permeate the humid air; and if lack of ventilation or light has no terror for you and you like to take your meals in a smelly messroom just off a hot galley, sitting at a narrow bench covered with soiled oilcloth and facing a blank wall not too clean, with a slovenly mess boy shoving a plate of greasy stew over your shoulder—if these things please you and you are thankful for them and obedient, you are a 100 per cent American seaman, a credit to the flag and to the United States. On the other hand, if you kick about such things, if you take part in "inciting to riot," join sitdown strikes, and in that way interfere with the earnings of a run-down cargo steamer, you are a Communist. Living conditions, in brief, are the cause of much of the discontent and rioting we have had in the last two years along our waterfronts and on board ships of the United States merchant marine.

No one with half an eye, or a nose, or a sense of decency can deny that many craft flying the Stars and Stripes have been and in many instances still are a disgrace to civilization. For years matters drifted along, conditions getting more and more deplorable. A law was passed in 1920 permitting cargo vessels to carry up to sixteen passengers. This law was taken advantage of by many operators, who proceeded to alter their cargo vessels. The captain was left on the bridge deck, but the other officers' quarters were converted into passenger accommodations. The higher officers were shoved back into the engine-room alleyways and other places once occupied by petty officers, who in turn were moved into what had been the crew's quarters. The crew were stowed in any place available.

Then began "tramp cruising," and the worn-out ships grew more and more decrepit. Discomfort made for frequent crew changes. More and more bums drifted on board, did what damage they could, and departed. Drunkenness, helped by prohibition ashore, increased on shipboard. Men were picked up on the beach or wherever they might be found. Able-bodied seamen's "tickets" were easily obtained. Lifeboatmen's certificates were issued to men who could not pull an oar, after they had looked at and toyed with a model lifeboat about three feet long swung over a desk. In one institution men were taught to row by sitting on planks swung from the ceiling of a room.

In the summer of 1934 a strike of longshoremen, teamsters, and seamen began on the Pacific Coast. These men, ably led, were told the facts about the shipping business, which was just then being brought into the limelight by the exposures of the Senate committee headed by Hugo Black. They noted the contrast between their living conditions and the vast sums paid to the operators by the United States government under the mail contracts. After the settlement of this strike hundreds of quickie strikes, job actions, and the like occurred. Then inter-union warfare started, in many instances abetted by the owners. In the depths of the depression great numbers of "workaways" were shipped from coast to coast at a few cents per passage, adding to the growing discontent. In some services whole crews were made up of these sea tramps.

Then, in September, 1934, came the Morro Castle fire. Tremendous reforms, originating in and out of Congress, began to agitate the sea. Union delegates on board ship began to talk in louder tones, wages were increased, and overtime money was paid. During this period many American merchant-marine officers were compelled to put in from two to three hours a day, in addition to their eight hours of watch duty, keeping vessels chipped and painted. This extra work was stopped, not by the officers, but by the unionized seamen themselves, who saw their work being taken away from them. The officers then joined forces with the seamen, and discipline went into the discard. For this, too, the Communists got the blame.

Just as business began to pick up, along came the hundred-day West Coast strike of 1936-37, which tied up shipping at a cost of a billion dollars to the public, the owners, and the men. This labor war was finally settled, after interminable wrangling, largely as a result of the exhaustion of the contending parties. At the same time a precarious labor peace on the East Coast was preserved through a practical understanding between operators and the leaders of labor. East Coast wages, however, remained lower than those on the Pacific Coast and no overtime was paid. In order to save some money the East Coast operators chose to sit on a powder keg. Then

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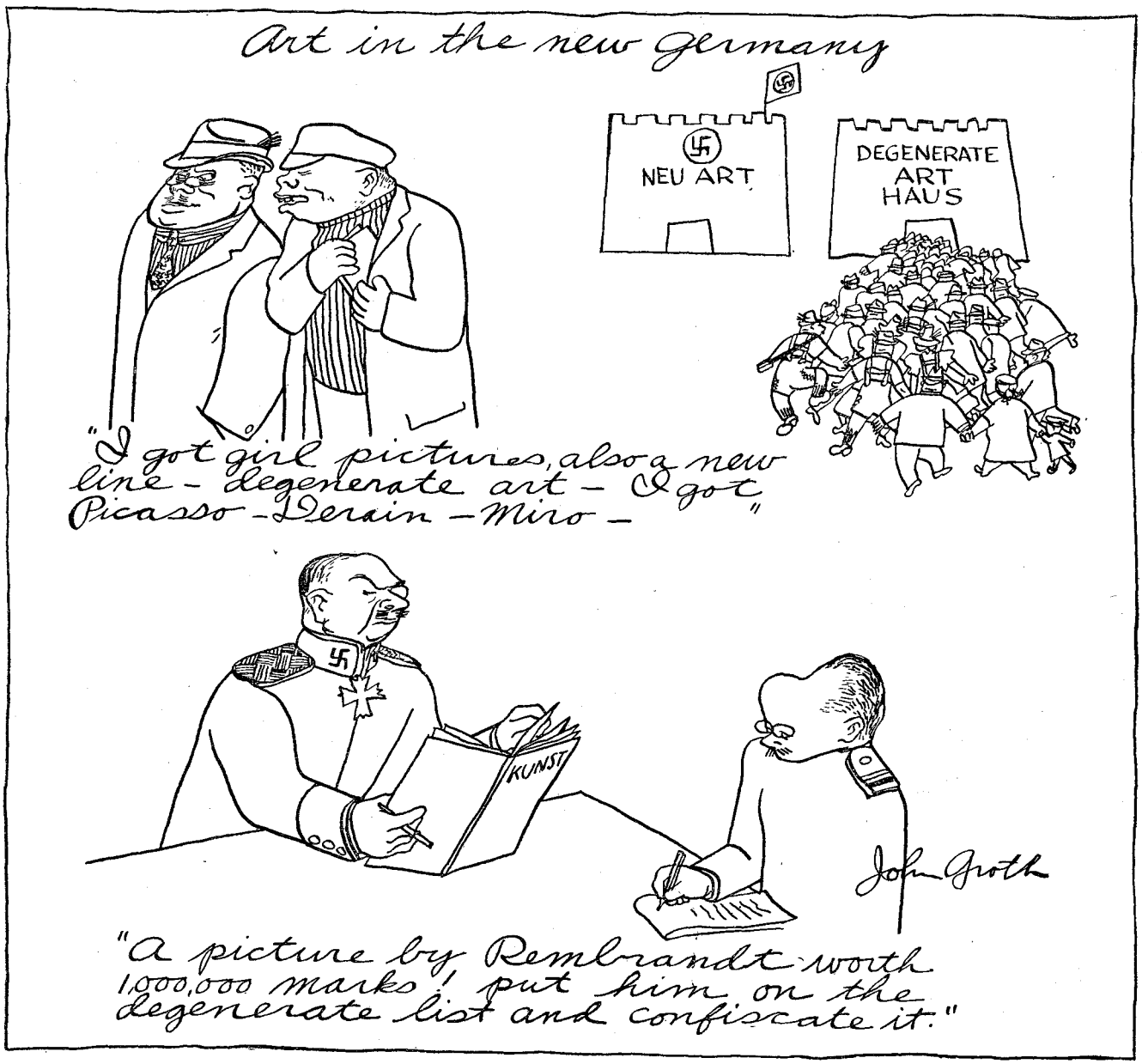
came Mr. Curran and the first great "mutiny" on the California.

The rest is current history. Inter-union disputes continue, though the old International Seamen's Union has been largely overcome by the new National Maritime Union. But some gains have been made. Reconditioning of crew quarters is under way. Four ships owned by the United States government—two of the American Republics Line, two of the America-France Line—have had decent crew quarters put in. Many private lines are now engaged in a late campaign to kill off vermin, paint and ventilate quarters, and otherwise make living conditions aboard ship halfway decent. And wages have gone up for many ranks.

Clearly the advantage at present is with brawn; the lower ranks of seamen and longshoremen are militant and the owners never do anything for the man who does not kick. The chief officers of our most palatial steamers, the Washington and the Manhattan, get $200 a month; while a longshoreman on the Embarcadero at San Francisco makes from $200 to $250 a month, with a six-hour day and pay for overtime. The officer must have many years of experience and much technical knowledge and must hold a certificate as a master mariner; the stevedore has only to be a member of Mr. Bridges's International Longshoremen's Union.

Some of those who think about the situation on board ship—the alleged lack of discipline and so forth—wonder if the cards have not been stacked for the agitators, or Communists if you like, by those responsible for the conditions. I have met no Communists at sea, only victims of the life, which, thank God, is getting better. Some day the sea will again be a respected calling among our people.

Behind the Enemy Lines—by John Groth


Art in the new Germany
NEU ART
DEGENERATE ART HAUS
"I got girl pictures, also a new line - degenerate art - I got Picasso - Derain - Miro -"
KUNST
John Groth
"A picture by Rembrandt worth 1,000,000 marks! put him on the degenerate list and confiscate it."

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AGAIN the political kaleidoscope is making strange bedfellows. The New York *Herald Tribune* and six of our most earnest and sincere peace societies are one in believing that President Roosevelt's Chicago speech has set us directly upon the path to war. As I am an official of one of those societies and differ with its conception of the situation, and as I have received requests for a clarification of my position, I shall restate the situation as it appears to me.

Naturally, if I thought the President's course would put us into war I should oppose it instead of having urged it in advance. And if I felt that moral leadership of the world in protest against the brigand states was incompatible with complete American neutrality in the wars in Spain and China I should be opposed. I am still completely isolationist so far as using any force whatsoever or taking part in joint armed action against Japan or any other nation is concerned. I still desire the immediate enforcement of the Neutrality Act. The President in his Chicago speech stressed the desire of the American people to stay at peace and declared that we had no intention of going to war. To this the reply is made that he frequently changes his mind, that Wilson also repeatedly asserted that the country was not going to enter the war and yet was forced into it, and that when you begin interfering in the affairs of other nations you may easily find yourself at war. The Emergency Peace Campaign feels this so strongly that it has issued a little circular drawing a parallel between what has been done so far and the events of 1916 and 1917 which started us along the road to war.

To this my reply is that we are taking a big chance in trusting to the President—to any President—but that we are obliged to. I again call attention to Mr. Roosevelt's statement at Chautauqua that no matter what neutrality laws we might pass, peace would depend upon the men who, when danger came, were President and Secretary of State. The power of the President to put us into war is beyond question; Wilson exercised that power six times, twice against Mexico and against Nicaragua, Haiti, San Domingo, and Germany. A certain amount of risk is unavoidable; even if we absolutely isolated ourselves, and kept silent about the lack of morals and the inhumanity of the brigand nations, we should still be in danger in a war-mad world. But it has been the historic attitude of the United States to express its opinion against international wrongdoing and to voice its sympathy with the victims of aggression. Our government championed the Jews in Russia at the time of the Kishinev massacres, and President Cleveland defended the cause of Venezuela against Great Britain—not wisely but with good motives. It has been perfectly obvious for a long time past that the world was waiting for someone to say the things that the President is saying. The reception of those words in the democratic countries abroad proves that. It is undeniable that everything depends upon the next step; I said last week that *if* the President's Chicago speech were wisely followed up it might be a turning-point in world affairs. That meant, of course, that if it were not wisely followed up or if it were not followed up at all, we should have to take a different view of the situation.

Is there not a great difference between our situation today and that of 1917? Twenty years ago we were deeply involved in the war then raging; our whole industry had become a part of the Allied military machine; we had made loans of great amounts to the Allies. Men high in the government, like Robert Lansing, as we now know, were urging that we go into the war to continue the war-time prosperity by which we were profiting. For three years we had swallowed propaganda we now know to have been deliberately deceitful. Today the situation is entirely different. We have our business commitments in both China and Japan, but what they are calling for is not war but peace. If war continues, those interests will be irretrievably damaged. We are not supplying vast quantities of military supplies to the two belligerents in Asia. Moreover, the public is disillusioned; it has not forgotten our experience in making the world safe for democracy, and our politicians in Washington are entirely aware of the pacific temper of the people. I submit that we are in a totally different and far safer position now than in 1917.

Would the enforcement of the Neutrality Act interfere with our leadership in a spiritual union and perhaps even a boycott against Japan? I cannot see that it would. What the President has done is to state an attitude and not a program. What this attitude will do for the world in the long run we can only know as the policy gradually unfolds, but at least, thanks to him and fifty-two nations in the League, Japan has not gone unwhipped of justice. It has been branded before all the world as a transgressor, and that is a great deal. The cynics will say it is nothing; they have no faith in spiritual and moral values. They will insist that the President is not saving Japanese and Chinese lives. Not yet, perhaps, but one cannot tell. Personally I hope that there will be further steps to send Japan to Coventry and to prove that the nations can bring to book one of their number without committing the supreme folly and the supreme crime of resorting to useless mass murder.

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THE ART OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

THIS past fourteenth of October would have been Katherine Mansfield's forty-ninth birthday. This year is the fifteenth since her death. During her life she had a fabulous prestige among young writers in England and America. Her readers were not numerous but they were devoted. It must be a round dozen years since I have read any of her stories; reading them again in this recently collected edition,* which contains some that are new to me, I am certain she deserved her fame, and I wonder why it was not greater.

Of late I find my interest diverted somewhat from her achievement as artist to the enigma of her personal history. Actually there is little in her work to justify this, since the work itself can stand alone without clues or notes as to its origins in her experience; a paper chase for autobiographical data in these stories may be interesting in itself, but it adds nothing to the value of the stories. They exist in their own right. Yet I find it impossible to make these few notes without a certain preoccupation with her personal life of alternate flight and search; her beginnings in New Zealand, going to London to find the kind of place and the kind of people she wanted, her life there first as musician and then as writer; the many influences upon her mind and emotions of her friends and enemies—who in effect seem to have been interchangeable; her prolonged struggle with illness; her insoluble religious dilemma; her mysterious loss of faith in her own gifts and faculties; the disastrous failure of her forces at thirty-three, and the slowly engulfing despair that brought her finally to die at Fontainebleau.

These things are of first importance in a study which is yet to be done of the causes of Katherine Mansfield's own sense of failure in her work and in her life, but they do little to explain the work itself, which is superb. This misplaced emphasis of my attention I owe perhaps to her literary executor, who has edited and published her letters and journals with a kind of merciless insistence, a professional anxiety for her fame on what seems to be the wrong grounds, and from which in any case his personal relation to her might have excused him for a time. Katherine Mansfield's work is the important fact about her, and she is in danger of the worst fate that an artist can suffer—to be overwhelmed by her own legend, to have her work neglected for an interest in her "personality."

There are eighty-eight stories in this book, fifteen of which, her last, were left unfinished. The matter for regret is in these fifteen stories. Some of her best work is in them. She had been developing steadily, along a straight and fairly narrow path, working faithfully toward depth and concentration. Her handling of her material was firmer, her style had reached the flexibility of high tension and control, she had all her prime virtues and was shedding her faults, but her work had improved strictly in kind and not in difference. It is the same quick, ironic, perceptive mind, the same (very feminine) emotional nature, at work here from beginning to end.

In her the homely humility of the good craftsman toward his medium deepened slowly into a fatal self-distrust, and she set up for herself a standard of impossible perfection. It seems to have been on the grounds of the morality of art and not aesthetics that she began to desire a change in her own nature, who would have had quite literally to be born again to change. But the point is, she believed she could achieve a spiritual and mental rebirth by the practice of certain disciplines and the study of esoteric doctrines. She was innately religious, but she had no point of reference, theologically speaking; she was unable to accept her traditional religion, and she did finally, by what appears to have been an act of the will against all her grain, adopt means to make her fatal experiment in purification. As her health failed, her fears grew, her religious impulse wasted itself in an anxious straining toward some unknown infinite source of strength, of energy-renewing power, from which she might at the cost of single-hearted invocation find some fulfilment of true being beyond her flawed mortal nature. Now for her help and counsel in this weighty matter she had all about her, at different periods, the advice and influence of John Middleton Murry, A. R. Orage, D. H. Lawrence, and, through Orage, Gurdjieff.

Katherine Mansfield has been called a mystic, and perhaps she was, but in the severe hierarchy of mysticism her rank cannot be very high. André Maurois only yesterday wrote of her "pure feminine mysticism." Such as it was, her mysticism was not particularly feminine, or any purer than the mysticism of D. H. Lawrence; and that was very impure matter indeed. The secret of her powers did not lie in this domain of her mind, and that is the puzzle: that such a good artist could so have misjudged herself, her own capacities and directions. In that rather loosely defined and changing "group" of variously gifted persons with whom Katherine Mansfield was associated through nearly all her working years, Lawrence was the prophet, and the idol of John Middleton Murry. They all were nervously irritable, self-conscious, and groping, each bent on painting his own portrait (The Young Man as Genius), and Katherine Mans-

* "The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield." Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50.

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field's nerves suffered too from the teaching and the preaching and the quarreling and the strange vocabulary of ecstasy that threw a pall over any true joy of living.

She possessed, for it is in her work, a real gaiety and a natural sense of comedy; there were many sides to her that made her able to perceive and convey in her stories a sense of human beings living on many planes at once, with all the elements justly ordered and in right proportion. This is a great gift, and she was the only one among them who had it, or at least the only one able to express it. Lawrence, whose disciple she was not, was unjust to her as he was to no one else, and that is saying a good deal. He did his part to undermine her.

Mr. Murry's words in praise of her are too characteristic of the time and the special point of view to be ignored. Even today he can write that "her art was of a peculiarly instinctive kind." I confess I cannot understand the use of this word. That she was born with the potentialities of an artist, perhaps? I judge her work to have been to a great degree a matter of intelligent use of her faculties, a conscious practice of a hard-won craftsmanship, a triumph of discipline over the unruly circumstances and confusions of her personal life and over certain destructive elements in her own nature. She was deliberate in her choice of material and in her methods of using it, her technical resources grew continually, she cleared away all easy effects and tricky turns of phrase; and such mastership is not gained by letting the instincts have it all their own way.

Again Mr. Murry, in his preface: "She accepted life . . . she gave herself . . . to life, to love . . . she loved life, with all its beauty and pain . . . she responded to life more completely than any writer I have known except D. H. Lawrence. . . ."

Life, love, beauty, pain, acceptance, response, these are great words and they should mean something, and their meaning depends upon their exact application and reference. Whose life? What kind of love? What sort of beauty? And so on. It was this kind of explicitness that Katherine Mansfield possessed and was able to use, when she was at her best and strongest. She was magnificent in her objective view of things, her real sensitiveness to climate, mental or physical, her genuinely first-rate equipment in the matter of the five senses, and my guess, based on the evidence of her stories, is that she by no means accepted everything, either abstractly or in detail, and that whatever her vague love of something called Life may have been, there was as much to hate as to love in her individual living. Mistakenly she fought in herself those very elements that combined to form her virtue: a certain grim, quiet ruthlessness of judgment, an unsparing and sometimes cruel eye, a natural malicious wit, an intelligent humor; and beyond all she had a burning, indignant heart that was capable of great compassion. Read "The Woman at the Store," or "A Birthday," and "The Child-Who-Was-Tired," one of the most terrible of stories; read "The Fly," and then read "Millie," or "The Life of Ma Parker." With fine objectivity she bares a moment of experience, real experience, in the life of some one human being; she states no belief, gives no motives, airs no theories, but simply presents to the reader a situation, a place, and a character, and there it is; and the emotional content is present as implicitly as the germ is in the grain of wheat.

Katherine Mansfield has a reputation for an almost finicking delicacy. She was delicate as a surgeon's scalpel is delicate. Her choice of words was sure, a matter of good judgment and a good ear. Delicate? Read, in "A Married Man's Story," the passage describing the prostitute who has been beaten, coming into the shop of the evil little chemist for his famous "pick-me-up." Or such a scene as the fat man spitting over the balcony in "Violet"; or the seduction of Miss Moss in "Pictures." "An Indiscreet Journey" is a story of a young pair of lovers, set with the delicacy of sober knowledge against the desolate and brutalized scene of, not war, but a small village where there has been fighting, and the soldiers in the place are young Frenchmen, and the inn is "really a barn, set out with dilapidated tables and chairs." There are a few stories which she fails to bring off, quite, and these because she falls dangerously near to triviality or a sentimental wistfulness, of which she had more than a streak in certain moments. But these are few, and far outweighed by her best stories, which are many. Her celebrated "Prelude" and "At the Bay," "The Doll's House," "The Daughters of the Late Colonel" keep their freshness and curious timelessness. Here is not her view of life but her many views of many kinds of lives, and there is no sign of even a tacit acquiescence in these sufferings, these conflicts, these evils deep-rooted in human nature. Mr. Murry writes of her adjusting herself to life as a flower, etc.; there is an elegiac poesy in this thought, but—and remember I am judging by her pages here under my eye—I see no sign that she ever adjusted herself to anything or anybody, except at an angle where she could get exactly the slant and the light she needed for the spectacle.

She had, then, all her clues; she had won her knowledge honestly, and she turned away from what she knew to pursue some untenable theory of personal salvation under a most dubious teacher. "I fail in my personal life," she wrote in her journal, and this sense of failure infected her life as artist, which is also personal. Her decision to go to Fontainebleau was no whim, no accident. She had long been under the influence of Orage, her first publisher and her devoted friend, and he was the chief disciple of Gurdjieff in England. In her last finished story, "The Canary," a deep parable of her confusion and despair, occurs the hopeless phrase: "Perhaps it does not so much matter what one loves in this world. But love something one must." It seems to me that St. Augustine knew the real truth of the matter: "It doth make a difference whence cometh a man's joy."

"The Canary" was finished in July, 1922. "In the October following she deliberately abandoned writing for a time and went into retirement at Fontainebleau, where she died suddenly and unexpectedly on the night of January 9, 1923." And so joined that ghostly company of unfulfilled, unhappy English artists who died and are buried in strange lands.

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MINORITY JINGO

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

"NEGRO Builders and Heroes"* is the latest addition to the long list of narcotic volumes on the American Negro by the Reverend Benjamin Brawley. Essentially each of Mr. Brawley's books is a rewrite of his last: "A Short History of the American Negro," "The Negro in Literature and Art," "A Social History of the American Negro," "Negro Genius," now this title, no doubt more such to come. To review one of them is to review them all. For they are merely successive editions of Who's Who in Colored America—in the smug opinion of Mr. Brawley. These perennial almanacs of colored virtue and success have nothing to do, in spite of their titles, with the history or the literature or the art of the American Negro. Above all, they are totally innocent of the least perception of the Negro's deep and complex and distorted tragedy in the class relations of American society.

Mr. Brawley's style is reminiscent of his innumerable lectures before "ladies' auxiliaries" or the Independent Order of St. Luke. His material can always be reorganized with scissors and paste; so can his second-hand learning. His critical acumen is a sort of spiritual carbon copy of the professional optimism of William Lyon Phelps, for, alas, he lacks Dr. Phelps's sheer excitement as a platitudinarian. And finally, his colored jingoism, like that of all career men in the oppressed minorities, is the usual solution of racial self-pity in racial vainglory.

By this time you must be wondering why all this heavy artillery in blasting a Mr. Brawley. The answer is that sound criticism cannot afford the luxury of ignoring socially significant nobodies. Engels's attack on Dühring is the classic example of the necessity for exposing pretentious ignorance. The intellectual tawdriness of the Brawleys, who are legion in every minority, is by no means a criterion of their social significance. For the fact is that the Brawleys and the Kelly Millers in the colored world, the Rabbi Isaac Landmans and the Maurice Samuelses in the Jewish world, the Bishop Noëls and the Father Francis Talbots in the Catholic world furnish by direct contribution and especially by indirect influence some 80 per cent of the jingo-minority pulp literature. They are forever editing magazines, writing books, pamphlets, special feature articles in the segregated press, and turning out ludicrous "studies." And they are forever appealing to enlightened opinion to protect them in their minority rights, by which they mean primarily freedom from radical criticism. For fundamentally they have only one function to perform, the reactionary function of catering to the lowest-middle-class prejudice of the hurt and confused minority mind. They are forever sabotaging every tendency among these middle classes to align themselves with working-class interests. And in turn they are forever deflecting the natural militancy of the laboring masses in these minorities into a feeling of solidarity with "their own people." On the one hand they bewail the spiritual and social isolation of their minority, and on the other hand they point with pride to its separatist culture. They encourage every trick of "success," that is, of pseudo-assimilation to the class culture of the dominant group, yet simultaneously they encourage the cultural ghetto whose "leaders" they are.

All this does not mean that every minority leader is a faker or publicity hound. Mr. Brawley no doubt believes his own stuff. He is merely himself the victim of the minority dilemma, which he has never thought through. Moreover, there are labor and socialist leaders who have an authentic function within the minority groups. Such colored labor leaders as A. Philip Randolph and Frank Crosswaith, neither of whom is mentioned by Mr. Brawley, are doing a splendid and necessary job of teaching the black workers that their oppression is merely a highly complicated function of class exploitation.

As in all great social issues, so in the field of minority jingoism we find a scale of sophistication. The latter-day chauvinism of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois—who has forsaken his militant civil libertarianism of almost forty years for an angry propaganda in behalf of colored autarchy (of all things!)—appeals only to the "talented tenth" in the Negro world. His learning and his literary genius are way above the heads of the colored Elks and Lions. In the Jewish world the self-induced racial hysteria of a Ludwig Lewisohn has found its natural audience in a certain stratum of upper-class Jewry, the kind which cannot stand discrimination in country clubs. The Catholic journal *Commonweal,* edited by the pretentious Michael Williams, is not read by the Catholic lower middle classes. The special significance of the Brawleys and Landmans and Talbots lies in the fact that they influence directly the mass output of professional minority literature. Hence the great importance of these more obscure, but far more immediate, corrupters of the minority mind. It is no accident that in the colored world the Brawleys and Millers and Carter Woodsons have for years figured as the popular "scholars" on Negro culture in the Chicago *Defender,* the *Amsterdam News,* and the unspeakable *Afro-American.* In these papers their "research" and views provide a respectable editorial background for a journalistic policy which flourishes on society gossip, sex scandal, and the petty doings of the colored middle class.

Fortunately, in the various white minority groups these professional leaders have it far from their own way. For a member of the white minority, especially the intellectual or the worker, can after all disregard their reactionary influence with impunity and partake in the progressive and radical movements of his time. It is well to remember that some 375,000 Jewish workers, mostly in the needle trades,

* "Negro Builders and Heroes." By Benjamin Brawley. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

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are now in the C. I. O., which has a profoundly liquidating influence on minority chauvinism everywhere; and that approximately another 80,000 are in the A. F. of L. With their families these workers constitute the actual majority of American Jewry, and their leaders are not the Wises and the Landmans, the editors of the *American Hebrew* or even the "Socialist" *Jewish Frontier*. Their leaders are John Lewis, Frank Gorman, David Dubinsky, Sidney Hillman, William Green, Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, or Earl Browder, depending on their economic or political views. The same holds true of the Irish, Slavic, Italian, and other Catholic workers in the basic industries who are streaming into the C. I. O. and are deeply critical of the A. F. of L., whose Executive Council has been for years under the strong influence of the Catholic church, as David J. Saposs has conclusively shown. In the white minority world the growing labor consciousness of the workers is a powerful exterminator of minority chauvinism.

But in the colored world the professional "race man" is of course a good deal more firmly intrenched. The reasons for it are many, obvious, and tragic. The American Negro community is by far the most submerged stratum of our society. The Negro's very color is his ghetto. Wherever he turns he meets the racial chauvinism of the dominant group—even among white labor. The A. F. of L. has always been and is now a Negrophobe organization. Under these circumstances a chauvinist racialism is almost inevitable. Moreover, in the Negro world there is no big bourgeoisie whose very existence is an education in class consciousness for the white worker. It is significant that in a population of over 13,000,000 American Negroes there is not one millionaire. Owing to this genuine submergence the black workers and the black lower middle classes are huddled together in a common anxiety and in the neurotic class confusions bred of the common ghetto. Hence the black workers, who constitute 95 per cent of the colored world, still share, though to a decreasing extent, the lower-middle-class obsessions of the other 5 per cent. Even the most enlightened colored worker cannot avoid reading the colored press, cannot be left untouched by the social life of the colored church, cannot help feeling a bond between himself and the exploited black business Babbitt. The C. I. O. is an even greater boon to the black worker than to the white because by the very act of taking him in it cuts through his special problems as a pariah-proletarian—which goes to show that there is no short cut for the American Negro except through militant industrial democracy.

For all these reasons, the influence of such lower-middle-class intellectuals as the Brawleys is disproportionately large in the colored world. Besides Brawley there is Kelly Miller, an emeritus professor of sociology at Howard University, whose scientific contribution to the race question for over half a century has been to tell the Negroes that the Republican Party and the "rich white man" are their only friends. Miller is running probably the most widely read syndicated column in the colored press. Then there is Dr. Carter G. Woodson, an elderly Ph.D. of ant-like industry who has lugged hundreds of thousands of bits of undigested facts into some twenty historical volumes on the American Negro, all of them completely uncorrelated, uncreative, and thoroughly vicious in their cumulative reactionary impact upon colored mass literature. There is also the "Negro Year Book," edited by Monroe N. Work of Tuskegee, a sort of sociological bookkeeper who enters everything and understands nothing. There are hundreds of similar works—of a local and cheaper variety—glutting the Negro market and vulgarizing the popular mind.

II

And now let us take a look at Mr. Brawley's "Negro Builders and Heroes."

The American Negro has given us many men of distinction and some men of genius, of whom the three greatest social leaders are Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, and Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. Douglass was a man of Lincolnesque stature who was responsible for almost every effort in behalf of and by the Negro during Reconstruction. Douglass stood for two things in one, for complete laissez faire opportunities for the freedman in the American economy and for his full social and civil equality. Of course he lost, for in the final analysis the Northern conservatives made peace with the "best elements" of the South. And because he lost, Negro leadership after him was divided into two opposing schools. Booker T. Washington accepted the civil disabilities of the Negro and advocated his vocational training to gain the good-will of both the Southern reactionaries and the Northern plutocrats. His great opponent was Dr. Du Bois, who fought for the Negro's complete social and civil equality. Right or wrong, these two men were tremendous personalities and exercised a profound influence on American history. And the struggle between these two schools from the mid-nineties until about 1930 was the paramount issue in the American race question. History proved that these two schools were not engaged in a really fundamental struggle but were merely the right and left wing of the same lower-middle-class opportunism in an almost entirely proletarian group. But in reading Mr. Brawley on Booker T. Washington and Dr. Du Bois, you would never guess what the quarrel was about, or in fact that there was a quarrel. Mr. Brawley does not describe, he does not differentiate, he does not evaluate. The fact is he does not understand. To him Douglass and Washington and Du Bois are all alike. They are all big shots, very famous, and of course he is proud of them, just as the editor of the *American Hebrew* is "proud" of Einstein, Marx, and our leading pants makers.

There is another group of great leaders in our Negro history, the rebels and revolutionaries during slavery, as noble a band as history can show. There was Denmark Vesey, Gabriel, Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, some of lesser fame. Since most of these trouble-makers were lynched long ago and all are now dead, Mr. Brawley is inordinately proud of them, without in the least understanding their revolutionary role and their lasting impact on the psychology of the American Negro. Didn't they all get into the history books? That's enough for Mr.

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Brawley. They are all heroes—and so is Crispus Attucks, the famous hero of the Boston Massacre of 1770, whose entire heroism consisted of running out of a saloon into a British bullet. Another of Mr. Brawley's great men is Matthew A. Henson, the "Negro explorer," who served as a sort of Arctic valet to Admiral Perry.

But the bulk of Mr. Brawley's book is devoted to his contemporaries and friends of the last thirty years. Much space is given to Mme Walker, who made a fortune from a hair-unkinking process, which anthropological insult somehow never offends the professional "race man." Dozens of petty business men are treated in the best style of the *American Magazine*. Among Mr. Brawley's "builders" are Joe Louis, Jack Johnson, Jesse Owens (the Olympic runner who thought Hitler was all right in walking out on him), Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, and many such others. Needless to say, we meet in his pages most of the colored bankers and insurance-company founders whose bankruptcy Mr. Brawley fails to mention. But Mr. Brawley is proudest of the many M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s in the Negro world. Here too, however, he lacks all discrimination. In the Brawley Who's Who Dr. Ernest E. Just, one of the world's leading marine biologists, gets less attention than a little M.A. whose paper was mentioned by an obscure pharmaceutical journal. The reason is twofold. For one thing Dr. Just pays mighty little attention to the Brawleys, and the professional jingo never forgives personal neglect; and for another thing it would take considerable hard work and understanding to epitomize even popularly Dr. Just's contributions.

Howard University is at present the most important center of learning for the American Negro. For it so happens that the most significant intellectual leadership in the colored world is now gradually evolving in the social-science divisions of that university. Professor E. Franklin Frazier, head of the Sociology Department, is no doubt the leading American authority on the family, especially on the Negro family. Professor Abram L. Harris, head of the Economics Department, enjoys a national reputation in his field and is the leading American authority on the economic phases of Marxism. He is coauthor with Sterling Spero of "The Black Worker," and author of "The Negro as Capitalist," two studies which have revolutionized our understanding of American Negro history and class relations. Then there are Ralph Bunche and Emmet E. Dorsey of the Political Science Department, who are training their students in the realities of our social politics. Dr. Alain Locke, head of the Philosophy Department—who some time ago wrote me that he bitterly regretted having started the New Negro fad in the mid-twenties—is a man of great culture and influence. These men are now trying to work out an integral approach to a study of the society we live in and the Negro's place in it. Their writings are voluminous and important and increasingly influential. Yet all of them are ignored by Mr. Brawley, who is a professor of English literature at the same university. The reason is very simple. Professor Brawley cannot afford to think of them as highly as he does of successful caterers, prize fighters, and tap dancers. For true enlightenment is flit on the jingo.

Death as Basilisk

BY BEN BELITT

O deth, thou comest whan I had thee leest in mynde!
Everyman

The cold frond fell, looped to the leveler's foot,
And the horned shape labored through the flowery damp;
No tongue was sentry to the strange pursuit
Through the vaporous swamp:

A moment the brake shook in dividing air;
The massed leaf glinted out of violet brine;
Then, with an armory shock, the beast moved clear,
Into wet and shine.

In bone and quartz, though preciously, the beast
Moved out of shadow, moved into light and wet;
The shorn fern fell in phosphor where he ceased,
And rose in jet.

Like stone, on the charnel eye, the locked lid
turned.

BOOKS

"When He Thinks—"

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HEMINGWAY'S new novel—his first since "A Farewell to Arms"—will strike many people as confused and some people as transitional. For despite a living hero and a handful of superb scenes, it is a book with neither poise nor integration, and with shocking lapses from professional skill. It splits up in the middle, not simply as a narrative, but also as a conception for a narrative: Hemingway, having told the story of a man, suddenly reinterprets it, and finds it necessary to contrast his hero with other men. Having shown us a lone wolf beaten down by the forces of a protected society, he goes on to picture a whole gallery of creatures drawn from that society.

Structurally all this is awkward and incompetent. It is like writing a letter and then adding to it an appalling number of postscripts. But the structural defect proceeds out of something more serious—out of an intellectual naivete which goes so far as to imagine that an explicit contrast between Harry Morgan and society is required. Actually the relationship has been obvious, not only in all the incidents of the story, but also in the very theme. It was implicit so soon as Hemingway ever conceived of Harry Morgan as an incorrigible individualist. Harry Morgan is doomed by the nature of his own conflicts and experiences; is doomed as his type has been doomed since it first arose in fiction; is doomed as the heroes of Balzac and Stendhal, or Dreiser and Conrad, were doomed. To drive the point home, Harry Morgan and society have only to interact, indeed they must interact; whereas Hemingway has thought

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to solve the problem by presenting them separately. But an even greater blunder on Hemingway's part was to suppose that he was presenting a true contrast. In reality Harry Morgan and the kind of society pitted against him were not divided in aim; they were merely unequal in strength.

Between the lines, however, one can read an *intention* on Hemingway's part which appeared to make the second half of the book a valid contrast with the first half. For by the time he had created Harry Morgan he had changed his conception of Harry Morgan's place in the scheme of things: the lone wolf had turned into the poor slob, the rebel had turned into the victim. The victim, to be sure, was there from the beginning; but not for Hemingway. Hemingway began by exalting Harry Morgan as the good type of hard guy—the fellow who pitied no one, least of all himself; the husband whose wife adored him extravagantly for his guts and his *cojones;* the fighter who knew how to take it on the chin. Then slowly the buccaneer began to dwindle, and someone who was a social problem, who had a social significance, began to take his place. And as Harry Morgan, the man born to stand alone, was about to go down to defeat, he came to realize that in this world the victims of society cannot stand alone.

This shift in values, coming as it does well after the book is under way, results in artistic ambiguity and confusion. But offstage we have advanced from the Hemingway who went to Spain to watch the bullfighters to the Hemingway who went to Spain to join the Loyalists. Death in the Afternoon has taken on a sterner meaning, and in that sense "To Have and Have Not" would seem to mark a transition to the kind of book that Hemingway will write in the future. In that sense it was no bad thing to convert a successful novelette about Harry Morgan into an unsuccessful novel about Harry Morgan and society. But I must go on to say at once that I still find more of the old than of the new Hemingway in this book, and that in many respects he has still to come to grips with important social and ethical problems. The old love of violence—or is it no more than an unconscious exertion toward violence?—is as marked here as ever; the interest in sport is still too ritualistic; the harping on masculinity and potency is still a proof of either not enough perspective or not enough self-confidence; the hysterical exultation of a woman in her potent male is still a form of sentimentality.

Meanwhile, with Hemingway taking on new and more significant interests, one is left wondering how well he will be able to cope with them. He is a very talented writer, but it remains to be proved how intelligent a one. When Clifton Fadiman some years ago drew the parallel between Hemingway and Byron, I am sure that he extended it to include Goethe's celebrated remark about Byron: "When he thinks, he is a child." Nothing could be more inept here, more lacking in true insight, than Hemingway's brand of satire against literary loafers and the complacent rich. It is not only crude and slapdash, misunderstanding its own ends, but some of it is hardly professional. When one encounters such a remark as "A man tapped for Bones is seldom tapped for bed," one is back on the Yale campus hearing one undergraduate wisecrack with another. Similarly, once action in the story is over, and reaction sets in—as with Harry's wife after he is dead—the sentimental note is sounded no more convincingly than the satiric was. Hemingway is writing, not as the woman felt, but as he would like her to feel. For he does not understand the woman.

These may seem like artistic rather than intellectual matters, but their failure as art is based on a defect of intelligence. And upon Hemingway's intellectual growth, it seems to me, his social and ethical growth—and hence his place as a really serious novelist—must hinge. As a writer he can portray scenes with what is little less than genius. As a thinking being he has still a very great deal to learn. His intentions in the matter are fairly clear. His qualifications are more in doubt. His temperament, I think, is in most doubt of all.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Rich at Least

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

MR. HOWE recommends John Jay Chapman to us as "a rich and significant product of American civilization." It is a pity that Mr. Howe thought he had to talk this way about a man whom he calls in another portion of the same sentence "unique" and to whom in a further sentence he pays the compliment of saying that in any civilization he would have been just what he was in ours. Nobody who reads these letters can doubt that Chapman was a very rich sort of person, but I for one cannot discover what it is of which he was or is significant. His life is typical of no life that I know; his ideas have astonishingly little relation to one another; many of the things he did and said were mad or half-mad; and the final feeling I have as to his personality is that it charged into the world like a wild bull out of chaos, pawing and snorting for several decades in a manner peculiar to itself. Quite a splendid spectacle, but representative of nothing else, either on or off the earth.

He was something of a mystic and he loved Christ, but his behavior during the World War was that of any overheated, upper-class savage. He thought highly of William Lloyd Garrison and the Abolition movement, he participated in the political reforms of the 1890's, and he was so shocked by the news of a lynching at Coatesville, West Virginia, in 1911 that he went down there a year later, hired a hall, and prayed publicly (to an audience of two) for the town's soul; yet he raved against the Jewish and Catholic "menaces," campaigned against Al Smith because of his religion, and published a sonnet called Cape Cod, Rome, and Jerusalem in the *Ku Klux Kourier.* In January, 1887, being in love with Minna Timmins without knowing it, and being unable to account for a reciprocal disturbance in her except on the theory that some other man had caused it, he looked for the man, thought he found him, beat him with a stick, rushed home to his lodgings in Cambridge, and thrust his left hand into a coal flame until the bones were exposed and amputation was necessary. When one of his sons by his first wife was drowned in Austria he said to his second wife as she hurried to him: "I would rather it had been you." When he opened the telegram informing him that his son Victor had been shot down as an aviator at Verdun his only words were: "That's good." The list is almost repulsive. And so would the man be if one felt the obligation to make sense out of him or to establish him as the product of something. The man in fact is most attractive. But that is because he had a genius for writing letters, a very small portion of the high heap he wrote being the excuse for Mr. Howe's present volume. Further volumes will undoubtedly be called for by the reading public.

Chapman once wrote of William James: "It was easy to differ from him; it was easy to go home thinking that James had talked the most arrant rubbish, and that no educated man had a right to be so ignorant of the first principles of

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thought and of the foundations of human society. Yet it was impossible not to be morally elevated by the smallest contact with William James." He might, except for the word "morally," have been talking about himself; and perhaps even that exception should not be made. He will make most of his readers pity their own paleness, their mildness, their shortness of breath; they will seem to themselves undersized as they read, and will wonder whether they have ever had a good time in the world. He is more than a breeze, he is hurricanes and waterspouts galore. He can and does say anything, and says it with the effortless rush which there is in all good letter-writing. Usually it takes anger to get him going, but when he is not angry he can do with poetic fury, the manifold licenses of which seem to have been understood by his friends, and forgiven, even when there had been an insult in every line; for the last line of all might have honey in it, though of course it might on the other hand strike like the scorpion's tail.

The letters are first of all a key to Chapman's character as a literary critic. Most books to him were merely writing, and he hated writing; it was so largely "gamboge and style," with "its 'howevers' and 'moreovers' and semicolons" and the tendency of its words to be all of one size and weight, as in the case for instance of a new book by President Eliot, all phrases in which, said Chapman, "excite the same emotion—i.e., that of a woodchuck eating a carrot." "A man," he insisted, "who spends his whole time in writing—as I do—knows its futility. Writing is for people who believe that what they say is true and that their analysis is the thing. For people who know that all statements are gross illusions it's almost *fraudulent* to write." Yet he wrote, impatiently and with many dashes, separating often with the finest insight the bogus in any author from his best gold. At bottom extremely serious, he expected much from any book, and he wanted it direct. Seldom, he said, did he find poetry as good as Michael Angelo's—"as good," that is, "as prose." Lowell was "all barnacled with quotations and leisure, too much culture—too many truffled essays and champagne odes and lobster sonnets." Stevenson was "sham." The Carlyle correspondence was "all clotheslines and bedbugs and not enough to eat—hairpins-in-the-soup sort of people." Shelley could induce a mood all right, but "it's a weak, vegetarian, sinking-of-the-stomach mood." His praise of Shakespeare, Rabelais, Balzac, and other writers who somehow had not "written" was correspondingly high. Most of Rabelais bored him, but the best was so good that he could only conclude he had written it himself. As for the New Testament, "You cannot criticize it. It criticizes you."

But the letters are not all literary criticism. There are incomparable portraits of persons—Charles Peirce, George Herbert Palmer, Robert Bridges, and John Cowper Powys. There are epigrams which will have to be remembered, such as this one at the end of a letter to James: "A thing is not truth till it is so strongly believed in that the believer is convinced that its existence does not depend on him. This cuts off the pragmatist from knowing what truth is." And there are half-humorous, half-momentous outbursts like this one (aetat fifty-four):

> My dear Dr. Drury: Do you really think that if I *had* any ideas on the parent-and-child question I'd waste them on you? But just now I am taking a loaf and trying to forget the whole subject. Is the education of the young the whole of life? I hate the young—I'm worn out with them. They absorb you and suck you dry and are vampires and selfish brutes at best. Give me some good old rainsoaked clubmen—who *can't* be improved and make no moral claims—and let me play checkers with them and look out of the club window and think about what I'll have for dinner.

There are, in short, a dozen God's plenties.

MARK VAN DOREN

White Man's Burden

SAVAGE CIVILIZATION. By Tom Harrisson. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

MAN'S first arrival in the New Hebrides was probably as early as his first entry into Europe, but when the Australian-Melanesian land bridges were broken toward the close of the glacial period these islands became isolated. At rare intervals they were reached by canoe-loads of strangers, but these visitors were also in the Stone Age and were too few to impose their culture by force of arms. Their arrival caused no interruption in the smooth flow of native life, since the aborigines were free to accept or reject the new ideas thus brought to them. By the time the first whites arrived, these islanders had built up a life pattern of amazing complexity. Man's physical needs were easily met here, and the surplus of energy and economic resources had gone into the development of a vigorous art, a mass of traditions, and a complicated social system. Every phase of life was covered by strict rules. War, which might have broken the tempo, had been hedged about with restrictions and built into the social system in such a way as to render it innocuous. Men were kept from sloth by their constant striving for higher positions in the social hierarchy, but they reached these by the harmless method of rearing great numbers of boars whose tusks were trained to grow in complete circles. Even the technique of insult between rivals had become formal and oblique. This savage civilization was a delicate and intricate structure all of whose parts were in a state of balance with each other and with the natural environment. It was like one of those highly organized, over-specialized plant or animal species which has reached perfect adaptation to stable surroundings and which passes away as soon as its setting is disturbed. In this case the arrival of Europeans was the disturbing factor, and this book deals with the passing of the native civilization.

The destruction of native life in the New Hebrides was only one of a long series of such tragedies. It is pure chance that its course happens to be well documented and that such a keen observer as Mr. Harrisson has witnessed the last stages. It is a still more fortunate chance that he has not been satisfied to write a simple book of travel or ethnology but has gone back into the records with unusual thoroughness and laid the whole history of white and native contact before us. The result will not make pleasant reading for white men with consciences. Disease and ruthless exploitation have reduced the population from over a million to forty-five thousand and the process is still going on. It has been checked only in two or three localities where missionaries of unusual ability and genuine devotion have been able to salvage a remnant of the natives and give them new ways of life.

It is evident that the author enjoyed himself hugely both in his island experiences and in the writing of them. His style is a curious but highly successful mixture of history, ethnology, statistics, and stream of consciousness, the whole spiced with humor and with as much honest indignation as it is good form for one reared in the British tradition to show. This is a distinctive book.

RALPH LINTON

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Landscape with Jeffers

SUCH COUNSELS YOU GAVE TO ME. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

THE hero of Mr. Jeffers's latest set-piece of human savagery walks off the stage acting in an unusual way for a Jeffers character. He is moved, because of pity, to a moral decision. He chooses to shoulder another's punishment, after considering the advantages of suicide and escape. Previously he has acted in the usual Jeffersian manner: abetted his mother's incestuous passion for himself and stood by at his father's murder. He then turns over in his mind the question of whether anything is anything. Is there any crime, any innocence, any binding "human taboo"? Finally he decides that modern man has certain duties ("life is not rational"), and that retribution is one of them. So he turns away from union with the "clean" California wind and the "sane" California mountains, and chooses to expiate, not his own guilt, but his mother's.

All this is very fine, or would be in a character less queerly constituted than this young man is sure to be. Jeffers decides, at one point in the action, that human taboos can be transcended. God must have gone beyond human taboos. He is rather confused, however, on the stand that both ancient and modern man have taken concerning taboos. And he cannot, try as he will, in this case, force his characters to go beyond them. The mother-son incest theme proves too much for him. Classically and primitively, this breach of taboo brings down automatic punishment on even the unwitting transgressor. The wrath of the gods winds up, as Cocteau has expressed the process, like an infernal machine and fells the culprits. Oedipus actually marries Jocasta, in ignorance. A plague falls upon Thebes. In modern and romantic tragedy the incest-tainted hero, like Hamlet, is usually stricken with inaction. The hero in Jeffers's poem walks open-eyed into the beginning of an incestuous relationship with his mother. But at the last moment he sheers off. He talks as though he were capable of anything. In point of fact he is capable of nothing but a great many obscurely expressed wrong reasons for his traditional stirrings of conscience. And he arouses little sympathy in the reader. For he and his mother—who, like most of Jeffers's women, *is* capable of anything—seem not so much puzzled and depraved as simple-minded. And, perhaps unfortunately, in the humanity Jeffers professes to despise, the moral struggles of idiots somehow do not count.

The romantic poet should not continue, over a long period, to excoriate the humanity of which he is a member. The satirist can manage analysis and defamation of the human race. He stands outside. The romantic is involved in the action. The more he strives to identify himself with clean and mindless nature, the more he must degrade his characters and increase the enormity of their crimes. Meanwhile, his own importance increases by leaps and bounds. He is soon no longer content to be chorus, commentator, or prophet. He tends toward the state of God Himself. Jeffers says:

> I the last living man
> That sees real earth and skies,
> Actual life and real death.
> The others are all prophets and believers
> Delirious with the fevers of faith.

and again:

> To be truth-bound, the neutral
> Detested by all dreaming factions, is my errand here.

Notions of this inflated kind now frequently appear everywhere in Jeffers. His lyrics, the forms he has many times successfully filled with his intense emotion and remarkable descriptions of natural beauty, are now vitiated by pronouncements. It is a pity that his mixed, parochial, and rather Presbyterian disgusts must thus gain headway. A man who has, from the beginning, turned away from the arts, "sports and gallantries, the stage, the antics of dancers," as childish nonsense, must at length grow peevish, even surrounded by noble landscapes. "Bitter earnestness," for the dramatic poet, can be a faculty which cuts both ways.

"In very truth, the man who can see all creatures in himself, himself in all creatures, knows no sorrow." Such a man is also protected against ultimate confusion and obsession. Jeffers's great talents, allowed some humble relation to the race, which, whatever its faults, can at least laugh and change, might have escaped the limits that now increasingly distort them.

LOUISE BOGAN

Theater for the Millions

BREAD AND CIRCUSES: A STORY OF FEDERAL THEATER. By Willson Whitman. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

WHEN, on August 27, 1935, the Works Progress Administration allotted money for a project to be known as the Federal Theater, its paramount interest was relief for the needy. But the problem was no longer one of merely providing employment for approximately 13,000 actors, electricians, and other stage folk. The government had embarked upon a policy of curing the unemployment victim of his inferiority complex, of bolstering his morale and restoring his dignity. Earlier, when a rudimentary project was first launched on January 15, 1934, the notion prevailed that it was necessary only to keep the unemployed worker busy; it did not matter how. One-set plays were produced haphazardly in schools, settlements, hospitals, and similar institutions, on bare platforms, with borrowed or makeshift properties. Nevertheless, the project created its own momentum, the response it evoked exceeded expectations, and in time the relief administration approved proposals to establish a nationwide theater with high standards and low admission prices. Good work rather than "busy" work became the criterion; and it was not very long before the public became aware of one of the greatest cultural experiments in the history of the nation. European governments had long ago set an example in subsidizing the theater. In the United States as early as 1833 William Dunlap had called in vain for "one great theater in each great city of the Union, supported and guided by the state." In1897 Congress rejected a bill for the creation of a national theater. In 1936 the proposal had miraculously become a reality and was justifying itself by establishing community drama throughout the country and giving effective production to important plays like "Murder in the Cathedral," "It Can't Happen Here," "Class of '29," "Triple-A Plowed Under," and the Haitian "Macbeth."

Miss Whitman's book gives the first detailed account of this phenomenon. Even the conservative opposition must concede most of her facts—a weekly audience of over half a million and a total audience of twenty-five million in a country almost wholly given over to the films; drama brought to localities that had never seen a play; an impressive list of revivals and a fairly notable group of new plays; a new form of drama—"the living newspaper"—admirably adapted to the dissemina-

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tion of instruction. Miss Whitman, who responds gallantly to the need of defending the project against its many enemies, erects a cogently argued case. Earnings have often exceeded production costs. There have been, of course, censorship difficulties, such as the banning of "Ethiopia" because it brought foreign rulers on the stage and of "Valley Forge" because it gave offense to Bostonians. Local politics have affected the nature of the theater's productions. Nevertheless, Miss Whitman supports Mrs. Flanagan's contention that the project "is more free from political censorship than any other subsidized theater." She is likewise undisturbed by the fact that the Federal Theater has received the support of the Communists. Opposition from the commercial stage is negligible; its business is not being threatened by the prevailing low admission price. Only the movies are receiving some competition, and much of the opposition has come from this source.

Even the uncertainty of employment and the relatively low wage scale of $23.80 is to be viewed with moderation. Miss Whitman proves that the uncertainty of employment in the commercial theater is greater and the annual income lower. The Federal Theater player's average of $1,240.72 for 1936 compares favorably with the average of $1,020 in the commercial theater for the same period; in the good season of 1927-28, of the 6,031 members then employed 79 per cent worked less than nine weeks and 40 per cent worked only three and a half weeks.

A more persuasive book on so controversial a subject could hardly have been written. Nevertheless, the role of an apologist is a difficult and ungrateful one. It forces the author to glide over many irritations and difficulties which have been a constant source of resentment and complaint—the semi-militaristic rule by a series of colonels, espionage, dubious dismissals as in the Clugston case, red tape, and inefficiency. Recently under Mrs. Hallie Flanagan's personal supervision there has been a serious effort to eradicate these abuses, but they are part of Federal Theater history. Objective observers must also demur at her estimate of artistic accomplishment. Owing to special conditions—low royalty basis and uncertain artistry—the project has not received the best plays, and productions have often been hampered by uneven acting talent.

As a matter of fact, most of the defects only call attention to the cardinal weakness of the institution, its uncertainty. Dismissals during the first half of 1937 reduced the number of employed by over four thousand; four states discontinued activities entirely. Additional reductions constantly threaten the life of the organization and undermine its morale. To effect economies it has been necessary to discontinue the Experimental Theater and the Poetic Theater, which were doing, or might have done, excellent work. Passive acceptance of the downward course of the Federal Theater is not a helpful attitude. Fortunately its workers, including its supervisors, are less complacent. In fairness to Miss Whitman it is to be noted, however, that she justifies their strike against reduction of the project and favors the establishment of a permanent national theater. Though aware of the dangers of government control, she is willing to chance it, believing that theater workers will know how to cope with a tory-minded Administration. Whether the Federal Theater can be saved and given permanent standing is a question too deeply interwoven with our economic and political future to be answered now. It is certain that the staff and friends of the project will have to fight for every concession they receive—and fight hard. In this struggle Miss Whitman's book will comprise an arsenal of facts, even if it does not carry its full complement of criticism and challenge.

JOHN W. GASSNER

The Rise of Fascism

GOLIATH, THE MARCH OF FASCISM. By G. A. Borgese. The Viking Press. $3.

IT IS not often that contemporary political myths are treated by a master of literary style, but "Goliath" from its opening sentence shows the hand of a master. It is just, balanced, and profound, informed with an insight that makes the somewhat superficial approach of the "social scientists" look trivial. Signor Borgese is said to have written this book directly in English, and it has all the stamp of such immediacy upon it. His study has the subtlety of the best Italian scholarship, yet his prose smacks not at all of translation or of the foreign idiom but is on the contrary astonishingly crisp and beautiful.

Here is a method that I should like to recommend to more of the people who write about "great men," of whatever time. Professor Borgese roots the Italian nature of fascism in Dante and the myths of Rome, Machiavelli, and the peculiar frustration complex of the Italian tradition. He is a lover of Italy, and perhaps for that reason there is no more damning excoriation of fascism anywhere in print. The very moral elevation and detachment with which the book is written, enhanced by the skill of a fine Italian hand, makes its exposé of the littleness of fascism irresistibly convincing. By means of these historical protagonists Professor Borgese underlines an aspect of Italian character which seems essential to an understanding of fascism; Machiavelli's fantastic depreciation of the valor of the Italians apparently took root and grew into a national legend.

> The living Italians were tied with the dead, and their souls breathed dust. Machiavelli too, for all his realism, missed the essential reality; and his nostalgia, lacking Dante's Christian faith and Dante's belief in the lawful and purposive organization of the universe, was far deadlier than Dante's. It is only a momentary illusion to suppose that he would have been able to write a kind of "Don Quixote"; or it should have been a tragic autobiography. His start is anti-Dantean; he honestly feels that he is fighting off mystical, or medieval, or wishful thinking. But at the final test he is much less of a realist than Dante himself. Indeed, if Dante's mythology was bad, his religion was excellent; if he was wrong as a believer in the Roman Empire and its resurrection, he was perfectly right as a believer in the moral forces that rule the world. His tenet, that the meaning and aim of history is the perfectibility of human intellect and will, is a fundamental postulate of human reason; the deductions about freedom, justice, and peace in the social unity of mankind are flawlessly rigorous. Since he knew those truths, he knew a part of reality, and he was for that part a realist. That he composed a Utopia with a shadow of the past and a mirage of the North, on whose shore he dreamed that he might safely land—therein lay his error; a minor one, however, if compared to Machiavelli's. The latter discarded, together with Dante's mythology of the Holy Empire, his human religion, preserving only an adoration of glory and "virtue"; moreover, he clung to a part, and the worst at that, of that Roman mythology, and drifted toward an interpretation of history in which elemental and often brutish forces are paramount. But a Utopia is a Nowhere projected into the future; it finally may prove a Sometime and Anywhere; whereas a reactionary nostalgia, like Machiavelli's, is inescapably a Nowhere and Never.

It is in such a perspective that he treats the history of fascism's rise and development. No one has better understood the tragedy of Wilson and Italy. As far as I can check him, and I think I know the history of fascism fairly well, no one else has given so thorough and so balanced a picture, allotting to persons and to underlying forces their just share.

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The one thing that I miss is an account of Don Sturzo's role in the *Popolari* Party. I am very much interested in the fact that in Italy also a Catholic popular party appears to have deserted its leader, if Don Sturzo's words are to be believed, and brought on the inevitable disintegration which made the "march on Rome" possible. The "veto on Giolitti" which Don Sturzo personally disclaims was nevertheless at someone's behest, just as Brüning in Germany was subsequently sacrificed at crucial times: I do not find an adequate treatment of this point, but otherwise the story is complete, and the estimate of fascism which emerges seems to me to have distinct superiority both as a historical appreciation of a great contemporary movement and as a judgment over even such excellent works as those of Ashton and Finer that have previously appeared. When Professor Borgese turns to the repercussions of fascism and its spread elsewhere he is naturally not quite so much at home, but his estimation of the main trends in international affairs as they have been affected by Italy is penetrating and remarkable. They recall that he was after all once the editor for foreign affairs of Italy's most influential paper, the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan.

The smashing impact of the figures by which he justifies his title in the concluding pages has the effect of the last movement of a great symphony. And there is throughout the architectonic and almost antiphonal quality of great music in this book. I am a hard-boiled veteran of reviewing; yet I found myself deeply moved by the sweep and power of Borgese's vision.

An exile, unlike Dante in many ways, he yet savors the bitter bread and has been nourished to a great work. Perhaps it is too great. Those who can feel its greatness are already anti-fascist. Perhaps not; it may be the pebble from David's sling. It is in any case beautifully written and profoundly thought—all that one can ask of a great work.

W. Y. ELLIOTT

Victorian Affair

ROBERT BROWNING AND JULIA WEDGWOOD. Edited by Richard Curle. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.

THESE letters, which first came to light in 1935 after the death of Miss Wedgwood's younger sister, are a delightful study in Victorian morality. Julia was thirty, a bluestocking, a writer of bad novels and better reviews; Browning was fifty-one and a widower of two or three years, when the two first met. Julia, according to her own confession, took the initiative in the correspondence and in urging the personal acquaintance which rapidly developed. Browning, however, was obviously very much charmed by a woman who may have reminded him of his wife. At first the two writers were responsive to each other's moods. But, alas, Miss Wedgwood could not live up to her remark that "a woman who has taken the initiative in a friendship with a man, as I have done with you, has either lost all right feeling or has come to a very definite decision on the issue to herself." She herself, either because of some feeling over the raising of Victorian eyebrows, or because she had learned of some reported remark Browning had made about her (which Browning denies), broke off the friendship, only to resume the correspondence after several years on the level of intellectual criticism.

Reading the letters closely one notes that something like hope must have sprung in Miss Wedgwood's breast. But she could never stop talking untactfully to Browning about the nobility of his wife and of his marriage, and she prodded him into complete fury finally by insisting that he uphold Victorian morality and stop writing of such despicable characters as Guido in "The Ring and the Book." She wanted more "pearls" like Pompilia from him and these characters only. Browning, remarking that his wife would have agreed with her, refuses flatly to take her criticism to heart.

The thirty letters from Browning are, of course, the most interesting. He describes tenderly how Mrs. Browning first showed him the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" long after they were written because he had told her he was against putting one's love into verse. He speaks of his lack of fervor for Tennyson's work, of how he himself would have written "Enoch Arden"—he would have knocked the sentimental appeal from the poem and made it realistic!—and of his admiration for Landor. He mentions Keats's death as having at least been hastened by criticism. He writes of having tea with Queen Victoria and of how "they pretended to converse." He talks of his young son, of his health, of his poems. Altogether it is our loss that Miss Wedgwood for her part could not forget her "youth," which she often emphasizes a bit ridiculously. She had the mind to do so, but she had not the heart, or perhaps she had the heart and feared that Browning sought only her mind.

EDA LOU WALTON

Exterior

THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE themes of the books of Louis Adamic have been great ones: the story of class struggle in America, the visit to his racial nest of the immigrant to the United States, the duel in the blood of hyphenated Americans, the inner life of a Balkan young man of noble birth who heard the first cracking sounds of the empire of Franz Joseph before the war split it wide. These books have revealed a writer of warm sensitivity and quick feeling, sometimes only innocently upon the side of the angels, but always ready to feel with and understand human beings of the past and present, to pull the beard of injustice, and to speak eloquently, with pity and kindness, for the ignorant-plain and lonely-thoughtful people who can never have too many spokesmen.

I am afraid that we cannot put "The House in Antigua" among the books that are meaningful, first-person-singular Louis Adamic. It is an account of a Guatemalan palazzo whose walls have known murder committed by a judge and nunhood enjoyed by a sister who was poor, chaste, and obedient only with the attentions of a dozen blackamoor servant girls. The house suffered earthquake in 1773, and has now been restored by a young agrarian expert named Wilson Popenoe. Popenoe's wife, an amateur archaeologist as well as a professional agriculturist, died during a happy marriage, which Adamic sees through the journals her husband put at his disposal. The author was Wilson Popenoe's guest in Antigua. He fell in love with the house, and with the aid of some research, not of very precise order because the records were fragmentary, he put together in the ardor of his friendly enthusiasm this book, which belongs somewhere between *House Beautiful* and a good travel magazine.

He could find out little but facts about the early owners, and thus his good reporter's conscience has made him salt down the rising loaf of conjecture with many a "doubtless"

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THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N
by Leonard Q. Ross

About the funniest book of the season Joseph Wood Krutch wrote in *The Nation:* "Hyman Kaplan has already become an established institution . . . It is hard to imagine a world without him . . . For me all really profound and imaginative misuses of language will henceforth be kaplanisms of a more or less accomplished sort." *3rd big printing,* $2.00

GREATHOUSE
by Edward Eyre Hunt

Here, perhaps for the first time in a fiction work, the life of a single character in a single story expresses the life and color of America. Hugh Greathouse, aging only five years every quarter century, lives through ten hysterical episodes in America's history, from the days of witchcraft to the post-war period. (For every so often the world goes crazy, and the ordinary fellow plays his essential role.) Rich, provocative and completely original in theme and treatment, GREATHOUSE translates "America" into terms of everyday life, makes history warm and believable. *Just out,* $2.50

ACADEMIC PROCESSION
by James Reid Parker

These unusual stories of the hidden and human aspects of college life have been popular in *The New Yorker,* and are here collected with others not previously published. The small world of the college—from the President and Dean down to the faculty wives and the press agent—is reproduced with loving, if at times hilarious, detail. $2.00

Mabel Dodge Luhan's
EDGE OF TAOS DESERT

The story of Mabel Dodge in the Southwest, and of Tony Luhan who was to become her husband. Besides being one of the most fascinating of the "Intimate Memories" volumes, it is a brilliant picture of New Mexico and of Indian life. "She has lived keenly, in the mind and in the senses, and writes about it with startling frankness."—*N.Y. Sun. With photographs,* $3.00

Catherine Carswell's
The TRANQUIL HEART
A Portrait of Giovanni Boccaccio

Boccaccio's Decameron continues to entertain after 600 years, but its popularity has obscured Boccaccio himself as a great figure, active and famous in his day. Here is a complete and fascinating picture of one of the most attractive men who ever lived, who helped lay the foundations of European literature, European thought, European love. *Illustrated,* $3.50

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA
by Eugene Lyons

"A noble and great book . . . I read it straight through in three sittings with the rapt attention I would give to a masterpiece of tragedy . . . You comprehend the whole Russian episode, from pure theory and statistics to the nuances of revolutionary sentiment and the tricks of Bolshevik politics. Most unusual in a man of feeling, you have done the *intellectual work.* Books about Russia have become almost a form of literature, and yours is unquestionably the classic. Pardon the extreme language. I am just telling you exactly what I think."—*Max Eastman to the author.* *658 pages,* $3.50

RACE: A Study in Modern Superstition
by Jacques Barzun

"Race" is one of the great catchwords; a common word, but one of the most ambiguous and explosive, about which men spill ink and blood. Here is a decisive study of the origins and applications of various ideas about race, sound and level-headed, and one to challenge, in particular, anti-semitic propagandists. $2.50

by Dorothy L. Sayers
THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE

The accomplished detective novelist has written the play presented this year at the annual Festival of Canterbury Cathedral, the occasion for which T. S. Eliot wrote "Murder in the Cathedral" last year. Miss Sayers' drama deals with the rebuilding of the Choir of Canterbury by William Sens, French architect. $1.50

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and "perhaps," but also to make many an adventitious, journalistic attachment-by-date to the American colonies and to analyze the motives of the early Spaniards with plausible but unimportant *Eindichtung*. "Don Luis himself was afraid. Was that why—at least one reason why—he wanted a different, more humane policy toward the Indians? He did not like to be afraid. How much of his idealism was to be ascribed to his fear of being afraid?" It is an honest attempt to corkscrew into the lost lives of the pioneers, but the contortions are not graceful in a writer who speaks so much better from his own heart.

When we come to the modern life of the Popenoes we have something with more lift; Louis Adamic believes in the man alive, and he can always forgive the bourgeois who is his friend, though he be also head agronomist for the United Fruit Company. He dreams sympathetically over the Lindbergh-Morrow flavor of "Pop's" marriage and the loss of the methodical English wife who always wore the same style of Czech peasant dress and wrote in her diary, "Read through three numbers of the New York *Times Book Review*. . . . The articles referring to subjects that interest us I cut out and placed in books of similar interest in the library."

Possibly this book will find Louis Adamic a new house-loving public, but here is merely Adamic the warm-hearted, whom Harper and Brothers should have cooled and told that no effort could blow his kind of breath of life into this half real, half unreal, inorganic material. This bread-and-butter letter of a sensitive and grateful guest was quickly finished, quickly published, and will be quickly read by those for whom it was intended. I think that we others have now a right to insist on hearing from a writer locked up in a room with himself who bears the same name.

GEORGE WELLER

Rise and Fall of a Fortune

THE GUGGENHEIMS: THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN DYNASTY. By Harvey O'Connor. Covici-Friede. $3.

OF THE growing company of non-academic economic historians specializing in biography—the pioneer, of course, was Gustavus Myers, and others have been Lewis Corey and John Flynn—Harvey O'Connor continues to be the most prolific. To his earlier "Mellon's Millions" and "Steel—the Dictator," he has now added "The Guggenheims"—a sound and at the same time exciting history of one of America's great enterprising families. Mr. O'Connor's narrative does not conform to the canons of the learned seminaries: he has not weighted it down to the point of distraction with a learned apparatus, and he takes liberties with his subjects that are customarily allowed only to novelists. Yet no important part of the book is thereby invalidated.

Mr. O'Connor's narrative has to do with the activities of old Meyer Guggenheim and the four eldest of his seven sons, who started out in laces and embroideries and ended by erecting, within less than forty years, one of America's mightiest fortunes—in metal mining and smelting, of all things. Meyer, the head of the house, was a young Swiss-Jewish immigrant who toiled for thirty years to make a just more-than-average competence for himself and his large brood. And then, when he was in his fifties and comfortably established as a Philadelphia merchant and importer, and when four of his sons were already independent, he plunged into the, to him, wholly unfamiliar world of silver and lead mining in Colorado. He was quick to realize that the large rewards of the metal business went not to the mine operators but to the smelters and refiners; and another decade saw him and his sons the owners of mines, smelters, and refineries not only in the Far West but also in Mexico and at New York. Within twenty years, by the end of the World War, they lorded it over the porphyry copper industry in the United States, and had interests in every region of the world where lead, copper, tin, silver, and gold were being mined, smelted, refined, and sold.

The last decade or so has witnessed the gradual sinking of their star. The old founder and his elder sons, who had a gargantuan acquisitiveness and rapacity, have been succeeded by a softer third generation more prominent for their appearances at dog shows and in the divorce courts than in the family mines, mills, and counting houses. Also, the Guggenheims plunged heavily in Chilean nitrates, sinking their own personal reserves, when finance capitalism refused to come to their rescue, into what turned out to be a bottomless pit.

Mr. O'Connor's talent is a very generous one. One finds in his book excellent characterizations of the whole numerous tribe and also important and, as a rule, sound excursions into labor and political history. Particular interesting is the understanding with which he has been able to depict a family life—with its distinctive racial loyalties and fears—that is naturally alien to him. After reading the book the present reviewer is prompted to make the following observations, one pointing up the book's limitations and the other drawing its moral much more sharply than the author has attempted to do.

First, it is to be noted that the preoccupation of "The Guggenheims" is largely with the social effects—upon American society, upon the immediate beneficiaries—of the building of great modern fortunes rather than with the actual processes of accomplishment. As a social analysis of this type "The Guggenheims" will not be quickly surpassed. However, it still remains for more pedestrian students—when the archives of the Guggenheim companies have been thrown open to investigators—to make a scientific analysis of the economics of metal mining and smelting and to record the steps by which monopoly controls were achieved and maintained.

Second, the history of this family fortune proves that in modern capitalist society, great industrial, or indeed mercantile, enterprisers as such cannot survive into succeeding generations unless they convert their status into that of finance capitalists. Sooner or later industrial capitalists, if they wish to preserve control over their businesses, are compelled to dip too heavily into their own savings; and when what appeared to be a rich bonanza turns out to be only a salted mine, they are likely to see the greater part of a vast fortune swallowed up almost overnight. Finance capitalists, in order to salvage hurt industrial enterprises, use not their own personal fortunes but the funds of their depositors and particularly those of the great fiduciary trusts whose savings they control. It is one of the great ironies of modern times that while J. P. Morgan the elder never could boast of the personal wealth of Daniel Guggenheim he always had much greater personal power. It is much easier to transmit this kind of power to one's descendants than a private fortune. It is not hard to predict that the name of Morgan will be a fixed star in the capitalist firmament long after the flaming meteors have spent themselves. The name of the Guggenheims at the present time adorns a number of outstanding philanthropies. How long may one expect even these memories of a once great family fortune to survive if the interest rate for invested funds continues—as it must—to decline?

LOUIS M. HACKER

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THE TRIAL. By Franz Kafka. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FRANZ KAFKA is gaining recognition as one of the most extraordinary writers of our time, yet all the circumstances of his life and work were such as to remove him from the main highways of literary circulation. A native of Prague, he was originally trained for the law, but he soon retired to a life of study and speculation, and not long afterward he began to write his strange allegories of man's fate. He became a recluse of art; it was not, however, to a religion of art, but to an art of religion that he dedicated himself. The aesthetic value of his work he seems to have regarded as incidental; he thought of it primarily as a record of his struggle with the absolute, and in so far as his writing was successful it became for him a mode of salvation through understanding. To this task he brought the discipline which art as well as religion requires, and utterly indifferent to the fashions of taste or doctrine he applied to his work only those criteria which arose from his own moral and intellectual ideals. During his lifetime it was largely through guile or persuasion that Kafka was brought to publish some of his stories, and just before he died in 1924, Kafka instructed Max Brod, his friend and literary executor, to destroy all his manuscripts.

The body of Kafka's writing is not very large—several volumes of short stories, some aphorisms, three novels—and despite the variety of subjects it has the quality of a single self-contained unit, in which particulars are dissolved in a thematic uniformity. In this respect Kafka has turned on its head the tradition of the modern novel, for it was not the psyche of individual man but that of mankind which he set out to explore, and this he did from a fixed system of belief. In essence his belief was a rather simple theology, according to which man is separated from God by a hierarchy of human relations in themselves so bewildering that true knowledge can be attained only through humility and faith—an idea which is obviously neither original nor definitive. But Kafka's truly remarkable achievement was that in attempting to describe this spiritual bureaucracy he did create its secular image, the image, that is, of man as a pathetic victim of social beliefs and practices which have been frozen into a kind of administrative machine.

This is the contradiction on which the two novels, "The Castle" (published in this country in 1930) and "The Trial," are built. In "The Castle" it is the officialdom of a community, which deprives a land surveyor of his job because it cannot determine his formal status; while "The Trial" presents bureaucracy in the guise of justice. The latter novel is the odyssey of Joseph K, a bank clerk, who discovers one fine morning that he is under arrest. He is taken to court and there begins a long series of bouts with the "law," during the course of which K faces judges, hires a lawyer, and even tries to reach the judges through influential connections. But never is he informed of the crime for which he is presumably being tried, nor does anyone connected with the court believe that the nature of the accusation is at all relevant to the conduct of the case. At no time is K imprisoned, and he scurries about in the hope of devising some defense which will win him an acquittal, but soon he too becomes caught on those very pin points of legal procedure which presuppose guilt, and which are, in effect, but the technique of convicting an accused man. Naturally enough, most of the other characters in both "The Trial" and "The Castle" make their peace with authority, but they do so only at the cost of becoming servile functionaries.

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It is through such grotesque situations, almost jokes, that Kafka develops his metaphysics of doom, yet it is a measure of his genius that his writing rarely strains our credulity. However fantastic the predicament of a Kafkian character may be, his behavior is plausible, for it is a direct response to the tasks he faces. When K discusses the hierarchy of the court with his lawyer, or when he argues with a "commercial traveler" the question of how many lawyers could best serve an accused man, the actual substance of the conversations is entirely concrete, in that it follows closely the minutest ramifications of the subject. Curiously enough, however, K's very absorption in detail is a substitute for the actual content of his life; and it is in this paradox that the heart of Kafka's method is to be found. For Kafka has created a form into which almost any human content can be poured. Thus K is an ensemble of all the possible relations an accused person may have with a court and its representatives, and completely distinct personalities and careers could be built on such ambiguities in K's actions as his will to live, together with his humble acceptance of his fate, or his use of women to further his own ends, together with his susceptibility to their charms.

It seems to me that Kafka's main value to modern literature lies in the unique methods through which he revealed the phenomena of spirituality within the bureaucratic labyrinths of society. And it is a tribute to his powers that already admirers of his work are using his discoveries to identify certain situations and entanglements in their own environment as typically Kafkian.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

War Without Honor

THE ENEMY WITHIN: THE INSIDE STORY OF GERMAN SABOTAGE IN AMERICA. By Captain Henry Landau. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

IT IS hardly fair of Captain Landau, the author of this intensely interesting document on World War espionage, to lure the reader through 300 pages of exciting narrative without once betraying that the whole thing is to end as a plea for a far-flung net of counter-espionage by the United States government. Captain Landau in reality wants "two spies for one," with American agents in every part of the world. "For an annual expenditure of less than 1 per cent of what we lost from German sabotage during the neutrality period," he urges, "we could maintain a secret service and counter-espionage organization the peer of any in the world." Of course we could, and I suspect we do, but why ignore the fact that with all its "splendid spy service" Germany nevertheless suffered ignominious military defeat, while the United States, practically spyless, was without question the most important contributory factor in the winning of the war.

Captain Landau has written on the subject of international espionage before. In "All's Fair" and "Secrets of the White Lady" he took the reader behind the dark curtains of World War secret service. "The Enemy Within" deals with that phase of this absorbing topic which interests the American reader most, and who is better fitted than Captain Landau to enlighten us? He was assigned by the American government to assist American claimants in connection with the Black Tom and Kingsland catastrophes before the Mixed Claims Commission. Having had free access to the archives of the War Department and to the records, exhibits, briefs, and other material assembled by the American authorities in these cases, he is in an excellent position to offer facts instead of rumors, and figures instead of speculation. He presents official

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documents to prove that Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador in Washington at the beginning of the World War, had a fund of $150,000,000 for "propaganda, commercial ventures, and sabotage," and that this vast sum was "only a fraction of Dr. Albert's huge financial transactions . . . in addition to the German loans he floated and the $500,000,000 worth of German securities he sold." Figures like these give one an approximate idea of the scope of German and German-American activities in this country in the first two years before America joined the Allied cause. When the American authorities estimated that Germany had spent a billion dollars in this country for subversive purposes, there was a chorus of disbelief. Captain Landau shows that the actual sum was even greater.

The informed reader wonders, to be sure, at the author's occasional lapses into unaccountable discretion. Important episodes are barely mentioned. He records, for instance, that Dr. Dernburg came to this country with von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert in August, 1914, and that "his chief duty was the spreading of German propaganda," but he makes no mention of the not unimportant circumstance that Dr. Dernburg was not only propaganda chief but also paymaster in the United States. I happen to know that Dr. Dernburg was visited, a few days after he set foot on American soil, by two gentlemen fresh from British shores. One, a radical Irish patriot, received $10,000 twice within two weeks to buy ammunition for an Irish nationalist uprising. The other, a German who had come here with a special passport from the British government, was present during the whole transaction, then went to the British consul general with the story; and the ammunition shipments were promptly seized and confiscated by the British. There were several "incidents" of this sort during the first months of the war. Later Dr. Dernburg was not nearly so ready to finance such wildcat schemes. Later still he delegated the job of distributing these funds to Dr. Albert, who was to become Finance Minister of the Weimar Republic. In the course of his investigations Captain Landau decoded countless letters and documents which had fallen into the hands of the federal authorities; they showed beyond a doubt that Count Bernstorff was an important cog in the German propaganda and sabotage apparatus, although he consistently denied it.

Of the more important German officials mentioned by Landau only Bernstorff and Count von Papen are still alive. Papen's disastrous career in America and later in Palestine is too well known to require more than passing mention. "It may be an accident," Lansing was quoted as saying at the time, "but I believe a significant one, that Germany during the entire critical period was as badly represented in Washington as she was poorly advised in Berlin."

As editor of a German-language daily in New York City I came more or less into contact with many of these underground workers for the fatherland. Most of these "agents" were less than bright, and it never occurred to them that a German paper could be anything but loyal to the German war machine. Usually they were easy to deal with. I showed them the door and explained in no uncertain terms that they had come to the wrong address. Some were not so easily put off, and I was not surprised to find that they were among those who figured prominently in Captain Landau's revelations.

With one grave exception Captain Landau's presentation of the facts bears out what I know of them, though I fail to see how they bear out his conclusions. But of that later! The exception is the role he ascribes to the Industrial Workers of the World. "On Jahnke's instructions," he writes on page 115,

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"Gleaves enrolled himself as a member of the I. W. W., which at that time was working in close cooperation with the Germans. So ardent a disciple did he show himself that soon he was admitted to the inner councils. When he had thus firmly established himself with the I. W. W. the Germans quickly put him to work." Not even the Department of Justice in its indictment of the I. W. W. for sabotaging the conduct of the war dared to make such charges. The I. W. W. was never pro-German. Its membership consisted largely of native Americans whose sympathies were, if anywhere, with the Allies. It is true it fought against war and preparedness. As a revolutionary, anti-militaristic organization it could not do otherwise. It condemned chauvinistic patriotism and discouraged enlistment. It attacked the A. F. of L. for its placid acceptance of the war and particularly for the promise given by Gompers and his associates to the federal authorities that there would be no strike during the duration of the war. To the superficial observer this might appear as giving aid and comfort to the enemy, but Captain Landau is experienced enough to recognize the difference. That German agents made their way into the organization is probable. But where were they not? One need only read this work to see how the German octopus sank its tentacles into every social and economic stratum of the population.

The second part of the book deals exclusively with the Black Tom explosion and the terrible fire which ravaged the shell-assembling plant of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company in Kingsland, New Jersey. The persons responsible for these acts have never been found, and claims on both sides are still unsettled. It is quite clear that the crime in both cases was committed by persons interested in preventing ammunition shipments to the Allied powers. Unless the German-American Mixed Claims Commission stumbles on the guilty one, its negotiations will drag on endlessly. "The Enemy Within" throws no new light on the question.

Those who look for glamor and romance in their spy stories will have to go elsewhere. The men and women Captain Landau tells of were usually anything but glamorous—sordid, hunted, not too intelligent creatures who risked their life and freedom in the struggle for a lot of assorted misinformation. Surely if ever a book proved the uselessness of international espionage, it is this. How its author can so far fail to grasp its message as to tell the American government to "go and do likewise" transcends comprehension.

As an argument against all war "The Enemy Within" would be hard to beat. Unconsciously, I suspect, the author gives his readers a picture of war at its worst, stripped of honor and courage and bravery and glory. What is left is a horrible mire in which that nation comes out on top which uses murder, arson, treachery, cruelty, and the wilful dissemination of horrible disease to the best advantage.

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modern science reveal many different meanings of chance. Instead of tracking them down, Professor Spaulding has chosen to present a full-dress metaphysical disquisition in which the position of Platonic realism is restated. He recognizes that the term chance must have some significant alternative, but as opposed to those for whom it involves a distinction within experience, he contrasts it with purely logical notions. On this view everything is a matter of chance which is neither necessary nor impossible.

The argument, therefore, turns upon what we understand by necessary propositions and the criteria for identifying them. "That is necessary which is implied or presupposed by its own negative," says the author. But it is easy to show that this is not a sufficient condition of necessary truth. One can construct a system—like Euclidean geometry—in which the contradictory of a given proposition (theorem) entails the given proposition as a consequence. Yet the proposition in question may be quite arbitrary, even materially false. Some years ago an ingenious philosopher with a sense of humor, in criticizing Royce's theory that the test of a necessary truth was "reaffirmation by denial"—which is substantially Spaulding's view—proved that it was necessary and eternal truth that no one could remit exact payment for a debt of $5.06 by a single money order on Uncle Sam's Post Office after deducting for the cost of the money order. Under the rules this was really impossible, and the proof followed Royce's formula. But one day the rules were changed.

A tendency to make subsistent entities out of what are distinctions in discourse leads Professor Spaulding to the view that everything in the world, as well as the world as a whole, is chance. There is no reason why things should be—or being, be what they are. Who can fail to recognize in this Schelling's old question, "Why is there a world? Why is there not Nothing?" which, with all due respect to a hoary philosophical tradition, has the form of a question but not the sense of one? For a question which can always be asked no matter what the world is like (even if there is no world!) is not a genuine question. The fact that existences are in some sense ultimate is no justification for calling them contingent. If ultimacy is the same as contingency, then the necessity of logic, which is as ultimate a character of logic as color is of the rose, is also contingent, and logic itself becomes contingent. Professor Spaulding does not shrink from the paradox and boldly asserts that "[logical] necessity itself is neither necessary nor impossible but contingent." If the opposite of the contingent is also contingent, I cannot see what meaning the term can have.

There are two other traditional interpretations of chance whose chief claim to validity lies in their simplicity. The first asserts that chance is a measure of our ignorance and that chance events are those whose causes we do not know. This implies that probability is a subjective notion and so makes it impossible to understand how we can predict, on the basis of our ignorance, the relative frequency of happenings for many classes of events. This school postulates universal causality, and forgetting that a postulate, as Peirce put it, is something we hope is true, converts it into a legislative decree for nature. The second view identifies chance with uncaused events. Although more empirical in intent than the subjective theory, it cannot in the nature of the case establish the absence of causation in any situation. It also fails to account for the causal sequences already known, and if widely entertained would paralyze scientific inquiry.

A more plausible view which avoids both subjectivism and the denial of determinism is a development of the common-

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sense idea of luck or accident. On this theory chance events are those arising from the conjunction or intersection of two independent series of events which are determined throughout. The intersection of the two series cannot be predicted on the basis of any data drawn from one or both. It can be "foretold" only after the event. When scientists use the term chance in a sense other than probability, this is usually what they mean. Its functional significance is to prepare investigators to qualify and supplement generalizations made in the large, and to check them from overlooking the important fact that all determining conditions are limiting rather than compulsive. It presupposes a pluralistic universe in which scientific method is one but in which fundamental organizing categories are many. Connections and interrelations between different realms are not denied, but the degree of their ramifications is an empirical matter. It is only this last view of chance which permits a clear formulation of the problem of the great man and his social milieu, the role of "if" in history, as well as other knotty problems of social causation. This theory escapes the conclusion that "everything in the world is a matter of chance" or that "everything in the world is necessary"—propositions that either have the same meaning or have no meaning at all. Finally it provides a better basis for Professor Spaulding's emergent pluralism, a significant and fruitful doctrine, than does the horrendous subsistence doctrine of this book. SIDNEY HOOK

Shorter Notices

HALL OF MIRRORS. By Lenore G. Marshall. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

To tell how Margaret Clay faced the possibility of going blind on the same autumn Saturday that her husband sacrificed the editorship of a big newspaper which was censoring his labor articles, Mrs. Marshall has built her story of blocks bound together by her conviction that reality has many aspects. Margaret is seen through the eyes of her son and daughter, her colored cook, the disheartened radical on whose magazine she works, her secretary, a poet friend, her mother, her doctor, and the guests for dinner. Each gazes at her through glasses that are colored with his fears and illusions, saying what a nice hat she is wearing and despising her, or envying her luck, or combating her, or loving her; each supplies a a partial fact and a wrong guess. This is a hall of mirrors such as we all walk. The fault here is that the reflecting facets do not compose any clear and living picture of the heroine. Rather these other lives tend to blur hers and block the action, despite the fine polish of the workmanship and the flashes of sensitivity. But when at the end the narrative breaks out into the open in a scene between husband and wife—home at sundown to explain and share their new burdens—suddenly the book comes alive. Mrs. Marshall reports the movements of her contemporaries with honesty and care. A perceptive impressionist with a supple prose style, she captures the background hubbub and jostle of New York living in striking light and shade. But such virtues alone do not animate a novel with pulse and drama, and here the technique overshadows the substance. One regrets that the author became fascinated with embroidering a philosophical commonplace. JAMES BROUGHTON

HE SWUNG AND HE MISSED. By Eugene O'Brien. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

In Mr. O'Brien's narrative, Toby Brent, a country boy of seventeen, decides one cold day to quit school, enlist, and

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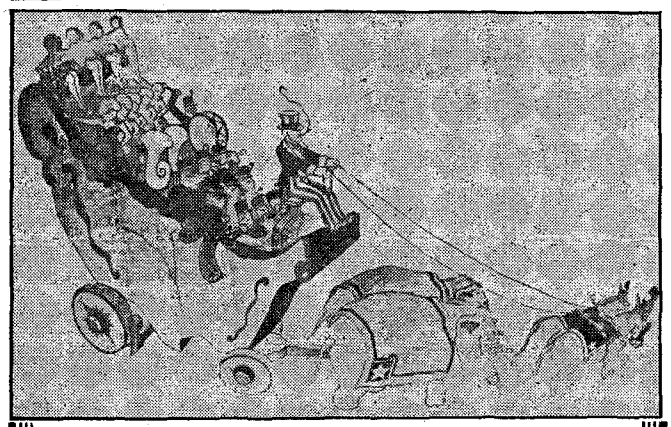

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go to the Naval Academy. His mother takes the decision with helpless resignation; and his father, more through a sense of duty than with any expectation of dissuading the boy, administers a good thrashing. Brief as they are, the two or three scenes on the farm, at this point and later when Toby is home on leave, convey the emotional quality of the family life with unusual economy and penetration. At the nearest recruiting station Toby finds everybody polite and encouraging. "I want to go to the Naval Academy, sir." "That's as fine an ambition as a man can have, my boy." Not until he is safely signed up for four years does anything happen to explain the remark of an ex-sailor near the recruiting station, "I wouldn't let a kid of mine join that damned outfit." After months of rough initiation, Toby's education proceeds rapidly at Hampton Roads. He makes a satisfactory enough adjustment to his buddies, to the prostitutes and the drinking in the town, but he isn't prepared for the shock of discovering that the man he admires most is a homosexual. His first impulse is to escape, to go to sea, even though it means giving up his course of study at Hampton Roads. He leaves, but takes with him the reputation of a quitter; and the officer on the Dolphin, to which he is assigned, has it in for quitters, especially polite silent ones. The events that follow form a vivid and convincing narrative. Toby is the victim of an uncorrected official error which brings on a long train of distressing consequences; even after the ship's doctor himself becomes finally convinced an error has been made. From this point on there is no question of the effects of the education Toby had sought. Mr. O'Brien tells the story in a controlled, direct, terse manner that admirably fits the material. This is a first novel that swings and doesn't miss. DOROTHY BREWSTER

DOWN THE PROUD STREAM. By Carl Fallas. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

This book presents a cameo picture of some of the infinite number of ripples on the sky-colored surface of the "proud stream" of life when youth is growing into manhood. It has no plot and no dénouement. Its only story is that of the inarticulate promptings of developing maturity struggling for awareness and for the illusion of reality prior to fulfilment, but for the telling the author summons charm and meditativeness and humor and a chaste yet vigorous style. A sensitive youth of superior intelligence and book wisdom has come to spend a summer in the English countryside to regain his health. Bees, birds, and beasts and country lasses all take part in creating a tonic atmosphere in which the adolescence and convalescence of Rolf imperceptibly merge. There is also Christina, the farm seamstress, more fully grown and more perturbed, who learns to discern an element of suffering in human attraction. What passes between the two during the balmy summer is nothing more binding than an elemental eagerness to caress and kiss. But to Christina it is the preparation for a more serious and sacred step which she may scarcely hope for. To Rolf it is merely a rehearsal of virility, an education in the art of caressing indulged in by people "who love each other but who are not lovers." Without the slightest social significance or even narrative import Mr. Fallas's latest book is yet a delicate and careful work of art. LOUIS RICH

THE RETURN OF KAI LUNG. By Ernest Bramah. Sheridan House. $2.50.

This little book, set in the never-never land of dynastic China, has for its ostensible subject the loss of a mandarin's pigtail. In the rigidly ceremonial Chinese world which Mr. Bramah

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predicates, this deprivation is synonymous with the loss of dignity, sexual and bureaucratic; and the quest of the missing pigtail becomes a national problem. The agent of its recovery is a Chinese girl, disguised in boys' clothes, who has an anachronistic acquaintance with English detective stories. The book is a satire on detective-story writers, who are habitually referred to as "the barbarian sages"; it is also a gentle, ironic commentary on the eternal, international venality and mutability of human nature and the absurdity of accepted social forms. It is, of course, a little démodé, both in its kindly, eclectic cynicism and in its comic method. Most of its effects are gained through what H. W. Fowler classifies as polysyllabic or pedantic humor. It assumes that if a Western custom is described in ornate, Oriental verbiage, the reader will find both the incongruity and the custom funny. As a matter of fact, the reader frequently does. Mr. Bramah has an enormous vocabulary and a droll, supple hand. With this equipment, and with considerable effort, he does manage to squeeze a number of laughs out of the old topsy-turvy joke.

MARY MCCARTHY

PRISMATIC GROUND. By Marguerite Young. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

This first book of poetry introduces a lyrical voice that speaks in its own way in a manner somewhere between the early nostalgic poems of Millay and the intellectual wryness of Wylie. In the happy felicity of phrase and the balance of her formalized technique Miss Young resembles yet more closely her English contemporary, Ruth Pitter. Her subject matter is conventional but handled with a special awareness; Wild Orchard and Song Preface are written with the finest perception. With the exception of Advertisement, To the Strangest Lady, and A Girl's Song, this volume has a special light of its own; though never robust, it is delicately penetrating.

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of the most successful of living playwrights and toward a comedy which I should guess to be the first really substantial hit of the season, I can only reply that as far as they go they seem to me just, even if they do not tell the whole story. Miss Crothers does have a way of writing which frequently suggests a dramatization of one of the works of Mrs. Post. But she is also almost the only remaining composer of precisely the sort of thing which used to be called "a well-made play." We have plenty of skilful theatrical craftsmen of a different sort, but no one who can write in dramatic form exactly her kind of neat, careful, measured exposition and make it, while neither profound nor especially subtle, continuously if gently interesting as well as frequently witty.

The Susan at present in question is a spoiled and shallow woman who returns to her neglected husband and daughter, not because she intends to do her duty by them, but because dear Lady somebody or other in England has provided her with a new outlet for her egotism in the forms of a religion whose chief injunction seem to be to confess and to meddle. The character is shrewdly drawn and played amusingly, if perhaps with a bit too much quasi-farcical abandon, by Gertrude Lawrence. But I am not sure that the most amusing portrait is not really that of the awkward-age daughter, bursting with good health and defaced with spectacles and bridge work. At any rate that daughter is the occasion of the wittiest line of the play. She comes into her mother's bedroom proudly arrayed in a green chiffon negligee trimmed with fur, and she is crushed with the remark, "You look like a girl scout gone wrong." That has the sound of the ordinary wisecrack, but it is actually wit of a pretty high order for the simple reason that it expresses in the fewest possible words the essence of the incongruity in a situation which seems to the daughter herself thrilling and impressive.

Intellectually the great weakness of "Susan and God" is a last-act reformation for which nothing in the character of Susan has prepared anyone. In fact, every word she has uttered has tended to indicate that no possible conversion could be anything more than a conversion from one form of self-indulgence to another. Miss Crothers seems to have realized the difficulty and has tried to gloss it over by insisting that all the preparation for this sudden return to virtue and domesticity took place during the ten minutes between the second and third acts while the audience was in the lobby having its cigarette. The result is that while most of the play is a witty and not unpenetrating exposition of the character of a kind of rattle-brain to whom a fashionably exhibitionistic religion would make an irresistible appeal, the conclusion is neither more nor less than sloppy. But perhaps the author did not even expect us to take it seriously.

John Howard Lawson has partly rewritten his once famous "Processional" for the Federal Theater production at the Maxine Elliot. The additions are apparently all in the interest of ideological orthodoxy, and they make it more difficult to be sure why the play seems so much more noisy and confused, so much less original and exciting, than it seemed in 1925. It has lost its rhythm and lost, therefore, the one thing which seemed to give significance to the chaos of burlesque and satire and melodrama. That, no doubt, is in part the result of a rough-and-ready production which allows the action to straggle when it should move to the beat of a syncopated drum. But I am not sure that Mr. Lawson himself has not destroyed the rhythm by eliminating its function. What the old play said was something like this: I see no clear meaning in all this confusion. I do not know just how one part is connected with another. But I feel the beat of a tremendous

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vitality, and I know that all of it is America saying, in the words of the jazz-baby heroine, "I'm gonna raise my kid." Mr. Lawson now thinks he has found the meaning in terms of Communist dogma. He has attempted to give the play the unity of an intellectual conception and has lost the rhythm because he has lost the sense that it is important. Once he put his faith in the vitality of the human spirit; now he puts it in a creed. No wonder the play cannot remain the same.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE ARTS

Architecture

THE Germans are beginning to arrive in force. That is perhaps the leading news of the moment in the field of architecture. On the advent of Hitler, it will be remembered, in Germany modern architecture became *Kulturbolschewismus*. The leading German architects emigrated, chiefly to England. In England they, along with a few Continental architects of other nationalities, were able on a small scale to effect a transformation. Specialists in the "international style," such as Professor Hitchcock, awarded to England the palm of leadership—by virtue chiefly of the German leaders settled there.

The best-known of these German leaders now beginning to explore the possibilities in the United States is Walter Gropius. He has begun a teaching career this fall at the School of Architecture at Harvard. Gropius won his chief fame as director of the great German Bauhaus, a school of architecture and industrial design that stood to the present generation of active architects in all countries as the Beaux-Arts in Paris had stood to their predecessors—the center of diffusion for the guiding ideas of the time. Soon after Gropius had been appointed at Harvard, there appeared the announcement of an American Bauhaus, to be conducted at Chicago by one of the teachers of the former German school, Moholy-Nagy—with Gropius's blessing. (Moholy is probably best known here through his book "The New Vision.") In hastily remodeled quarters this school has now opened. Like its prototype, it seeks support from industry rather than from the state or private endowments, and expects that industry will be the immediate outlet for its services.

Other German expatriates will be sure rapidly to follow these first two. They will bring their developed skill and a coherent point of view, which focuses on the desire to make use of industrial resources, to be converted into humane architecture. The new arrivals will find here an industrial power plant far surpassing in its resources for large-scale production what was available to them at home when they built the first tentative experiments that were mistakenly copied as "finished" products by young American enthusiasts.

The Germans have already produced an important part of the year's architectural books. Three compact small volumes are their contribution. Of the authors, Werner Hegeman, who had worked extensively in the United States, came last year to an untimely death; Walter Curt Behrendt is at Dartmouth; the third is Gropius, already mentioned.

The second volume of Hegeman's "City Planning and Housing," published this year, is somewhat scattered and

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eccentric. Nevertheless it furnishes "required reading" for those who are interested in what can be done to a nation's homes by political maneuvers and policies. The book is as entertaining as any "Mirrors of Washington." It gives us the first behind-the-scenes view, for example, of the housing politics in Germany from the Social Democrats to Hitler. It makes sense, for the first time, out of a turn-about which our own housing writers have been apt to represent as if there had been a mere hiatus in the work of good housing because the bad men had replaced the good. The conflict is shown instead as part of the great struggle between industry and an industrial proletariat on one side, and on the other the Junkers. Part of the story is a joke on the Americans. Our tariff and loan policies made us the suckers who paid for the good German housing out of our own pockets—a situation which the ironic Hegeman relished to the full. No American liberal saw it at the time; the howls all came from the *Saturday Evening Post*. On other points besides this Hegeman's sharp observations cut across the accepted view; they are tonic, though few could agree with his underlying aesthetic point of view, which is basically Renaissance. Valuable is the iconoclasm (sometimes acerbic) of his treatment of our own architectural heroes Richardson, Sullivan, and Root, and of the "advanced thought" that lumps and swallows them together. A sharp and realistic cosmopolite is good medicine for any country.

Behrendt is of a temperament extremely different. His "Modern Building" is perhaps the best and most interesting single book for the layman now obtainable on modern architecture—its recent history and its problems. The book is succinct, scholarly, rounded, rich. The introductory chapter is a splendid performance on the "problem of order" as seen by classic periods and as seen today. One of the book's virtues is its deep appreciation of a recurrent type of American thought now exemplified in architecture by Wright, and dealing with relationships not as abstract but as organic. Indeed, the opposition that Behrendt sets up of "Le Corbusier or Wright" at the core of the modern building problem has nowhere else been stated with the same understanding. Recommended are the chapters dealing with the trend away from personal expression (the Renaissance) and the emergence of a new collective effort. In this respect developments are outstripping the book. One fault: in the section on the Role of America the review of American architects since Richardson follows a pattern too similar in emphasis and evaluation to Mumford's "Sticks and Stones" (1925)—the landmarks are in a different perspective now.

Gropius's "The New Architecture and the Bauhaus" is both a history of the former school and its aims and an elucidation of what we may expect Gropius to strive for. Gropius as a pioneer has always merited high respect; he is decent, thorough, sober.

Our common effort with our new allies will not escape, of course, occasional clashes of temperament and background. In Gropius's little volume there stands, as an example of method, a computation of building height in relation to sunlight. The solution is impeccable on the given premises. But as it marches from physical data to conclusion in orderly phalanxes, one can see the spirit of our own Henry Wright raising new queries all along the way, disturbing the procession with new considerations whose importance is not at first quite apparent. In the end the pat generalizations lose some authority. Prussian directness and vigor have inestimable value; but the arts of accommodation that are learned in a democracy are in their own way profound.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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Letters to the Editors

Scandinavian Labor Parties and the I. W. W.

Dear Sirs: For twenty-five years I have had it tooted in my ears that independent political action of labor is "un-American" and that anything beyond the shop-worn policies of the A. F. of L. is "foreign" to the traditions of America. It remained for Ludwig Lore to reverse the picture and take credit on behalf of the I. W. W. for the work of reform and progress that has been achieved by the laboring masses of Sweden and the other countries of the North. Since Sweden has gone farthest toward a more equal distribution of life's essentials, let us see what basis there is for Mr. Lore's fantastic statement that "some of the most prominent of the sturdy Nordic leaders responsible for this admirable state of affairs in Northern Europe received their first lesson in labor theory in our own United States as rank-and-file members of the Industrial Workers of the World and other radical labor organizations" (*The Nation,* September 25).

While it is true that Ragnar Johansson spent several years in the United States, Mr. Lore is the first person to credit Mr. Johansson with any noteworthy share in Sweden's progress along the "middle way." Furthermore, Mr. Johansson began his education in labor theory in his native land several years before he came to the United States. Gutav Moeller, the Minister of Labor, is a graduate of the Swedish Social Democratic youth movement of a generation ago and has never been a resident of the United States. Osten Unden, "trade-union leader," is not even a member of a trade union but an educator, drawn into the Labor Party through his interest in its work and aims. When did Mr. Unden reside in the United States, Mr. Lore?

While Sweden's workers willingly acknowledge their unity with the workers of other countries, they insist on solving their own problems in their own way. Soviet Russia has whispered honeyed words to the Swedish worker, but he has turned a deaf ear. To assume that a motley crowd of American I. W. W.'s laid the foundation for the profound political and economic changes that have been wrought in Sweden in the last quarter-century is rather absurd.

For more than fifty years the Swedish trade unions and the Social Democratic Labor Party have carried on an intensive campaign of organization and education. This work has borne fruit. In the election of a year ago the Social Democratic Labor Party polled 1,336,554 votes and captured 112 seats out of 230 —an increase of 8. The Socialist Party kept its 6 seats, and the Communists increased their representation to 5. The Conservatives found themselves reduced from 58 to 44, and the Farmer Party retained its 36 seats. As Mr. Lore may learn from these figures, the Socialists and the Communists are a very insignificant part of the Swedish labor movement. In fact, their importance is so slight that the Labor government does not turn to them for support but cooperates with the Farmer Party in shaping important policies.

Whether the outstanding leaders of Swedish labor are "protagonists of a new and revolutionary labor philosophy" I leave to the future. One thing is certain: they contemplate no proletarian dictatorship, no purge, and no war of extinction against their opponents. In his calm, well-balanced way Per Albin Hansson, the Premier, stated the aim of his party and of Swedish labor in the following words: "Equal opportunities for a secure life within the fatherland for all who live there and labor." If this has been "lifted" out of an I. W. W. textbook, neither Per Albin nor I have ever seen that book. FRANK JOHNSON

Toledo, Ohio, October 11

Dear Sirs: Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to credit the American I. W. W. with the splendid work of the Scandinavian labor parties. What I said and what I firmly believe was that their early training in the I. W. W. gave to the later activity of some of the Scandinavian leaders a background of revolutionary realism. Mr. Johnson says Messrs. Moeller and Unden have never been in the United States. Friends in Stockholm assured me that these two leaders had also been in America and had been members of the I. W. W. I had no chance to talk to them personally since they were on vacation outside Stockholm.

The Scandinavian Socialists have differed from those of most other European countries in that they have recognized the importance of economic and cooperative labor organizations somewhat independent of but cooperating with the political party. I was deeply impressed during my stay in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark with the fine understanding of revolutionary values of those Social Democratic leaders; they have made trade unions, cooperatives, and educational organizations of labor an integral part of governmental activity by delegating to them functions which hitherto have been regarded as belonging to the state and its political organs.

I can only assure Mr. Johnson that I came back from Europe feeling sincere admiration for the work of the Scandinavian Social Democracies.

LUDWIG LORE

New York, October 14

Liberalism and Ideals

Dear Sirs: When Norman Thomas, in the correspondence columns of your October 9 issue, points out the danger of uncritical liberal support of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal, he forgets that there is often even more danger for liberalism in an attitude of critical non-support. The heart of Mr. Thomas's argument is that "New Dealers are not so few and far between that the President had no alternative to appointing Senator Black." True enough. But the problem we face is not one of past but of present alternatives. The alternatives now are to accept Justice Black or to join those demanding his resignation.

The days when liberals would jump sadly into the river, with their precious ideals, over a Black-Klan issue are gone. Liberalism is now achieving instead of slaughtering its ideals.

F. A. SILVERMAN, JR.

New York, October 13

A Teacher Has No Privacy

Dear Sirs: Dr. Ellis Freeman, professor of psychology at the University of Louisville and a member of the faculty since 1929, held social views unpalatable to the Board of Trustees and the American Legion. He wrote a book which was approved by critical psychologists and disapproved by theologians and fascists. The court decreed that the private life of any teacher in a public institution was the Legion's business. Dr. Freeman resigned his position "under duress."

To fill in this brief outline of Dr. Freeman's case: In April, 1935, Colonel

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Henry J. Stites of the American Legion told a Louisville audience that "a local liberal supported by taxpayers' money [had] received nearly $200 from Russia; he circulated and secured subscriptions to Bolshevik literature." A week later William E. Porter's "Youth Congress" assembled at the Brown Hotel under the sponsorship of the American Legion and with the financial support of Bernarr MacFadden, but hastily closed shop when it was found that the liberals and radicals in its midst outnumbered the conservative "youths." Dr. Freeman had written letters on university stationery attempting to discourage participation in the congress. Its breakdown was attributed largely to the unfriendliness of Dr. Freeman and of Dr. Raymond A. Kent, president of the university.

Immediately the American Legion launched a drive against radicalism in the schools, proposed an economic boycott against aliens, and made rhetorical charges of radicalism against Dr. Freeman and Dr. Kent. The charges against Dr. Kent were retracted. The board of trustees of the university asked the Legion to submit its evidence. Colonel H. J. Stites accused Dr. Freeman of receiving a check from Russia for $172.41. Dr. Freeman demonstrated that this check was interest on Russian bonds, and he was unanimously exonerated by the university trustees of all the charges.

Dr. Freeman then brought suit for $100,000 against Colonel Stites, Harry V. Davis, Jr., a former commander of the Legion post, the Citizens' Union National Bank, and two bank officials, charging libel, conspiracy to libel, and invasion of privacy.

Meanwhile, Dr. Freeman states, despite his exoneration, the trustees and administration of the university subjected him to many petty and serious annoyances. Dr. Freeman requested sabbatical leave from the university with pay. This was denied him, and two increases in rank were not accompanied by raises in salary. In reply to the request for reasons, Dr. Kent wrote: "My refusal to make the recommendation was determined by a serious question in my own mind concerning whether some of your actions did not indicate such a lack of proper judgment as to make your retention on the faculty of questionable desirability."

When Dr. Freeman's suit came to trial, the defendants were represented by seventeen of the best-known lawyers in the city. Dr. Freeman was questioned about his views concerning God, the flag, sex, hell, and marriage. "Do you believe in the profit system?" he was asked. "Not without modifications . . . something that would eliminate scandals like Teapot Dome and Harlan County," the plaintiff said.

The testimony indicated that Harry V. Davis, Jr., had seen Dr. Freeman's Russian check exposed on the desk of the assistant cashier of the Citizens' Union Bank—who was also state finance officer of the Legion—and committed the check to memory. From this source Colonel Stites had obtained his information about the check.

In his decision the judge agreed with the defense attorneys that Dr. Freeman "is a public servant in a public institution supported by public taxes. He has no privacy to violate." "These gentlemen of the American Legion," he said, "did nothing that any citizen doesn't have the right to do; they inquired into the character and record of a teacher and the things he taught our young people. They are to be commended. The peace of the world depends on keeping this country American."

The significant element of the trial lay in the defense's alteration of the entire issue. "All I claimed was that my privacy *as a depositor,* and not my conduct as a teacher, was immune to invasion. This distinction the judge was unable to make," observes Dr. Freeman.

Dr. Freeman states that after the loss of the suit President Kent warned him that his position was more than ever in jeopardy. He asserts that Dr. Kent based his objections on his indiscretion in attacking so powerful an institution as the bank, his failure to get the approval of the board in bringing suit, and his lack of adequate counsel. This situation Dr. Freeman considered to be tantamount to a threat of dismissal, and so he offered to resign on certain conditions. Dr. Kent states that he based his criticisms on the fact that the suit was directed against officers of the bank who denied that they were parties to the revelation of the check. "I criticized him for bringing a suit which would involve the university without his having mentioned this suit to anyone in the university. At no time did I imply that he should have secured approval for the suit." (The filing of suit and the arguing of motions were reported in newspapers more than a year before the trial.) The board gave Dr. Freeman an advance of $3,000 and accepted his resignation.

The last of the controversy has not yet been heard.

JOHN M. DANNENFELSER, JR.

Louisville, Ky., October 2

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